

DECEMBER 21, 1911

PRICE 10 CENTS

# LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



CRISP  
1911

Heigh-ho! "Christmas comes but once a year"

# A Happy New Year!

It's Easy Enough To Be Happy When You Have Your Home Decorated With  
**JUDGE PRINTS**



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## A WIDOW'S WEEDS

By James Montgomery Flagg

Photogravure in black, 12 x 16  
Fifty cents

Our catalogue, giving full description of prints in sepia and hand-colored tones, ranging in price from twenty-five cents to two dollars, will be mailed you upon receipt of ten cents in stamps.



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## THE ONLY WAY TO EAT AN ORANGE

By James Montgomery Flagg

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225 Fifth Avenue  
NEW YORK

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Inclosed please find ten (10) cents in stamps. Kindly send me a complete illustrated catalogue.

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## Editor's Desk:

### Educate Your Boy!

We all like our boys. This doesn't mean that we do not like our girls. But we know the boy must fit himself for the duties of life, and perhaps we are, therefore, more anxious about his education.

We want our boys to know what is going on in the world. The best education is that which begins the earliest. Scientific educators in these days begin their teaching with pictures instead of the alphabet: D-O-G spells dog. If you show the picture of the dog, the child knows what d-o-g spells and remembers it. So much in preface.

An old subscriber in renewing his subscription said: "I like LESLIE'S. I want it particularly for my boy to file as a history of our times. I want him to note the world's progress that your pictures show. Progress in the new science of aeronautics, for instance, and in all the field of exploration and achievement. As a boy I realized the value of LESLIE'S WEEKLY as an instructor and I am giving my own son the benefit of that experience."

We intend to put LESLIE'S in a million homes in the United States. It now goes into more than a third of a million and is moving onward rapidly.

If your newsdealer does not keep a supply, or if his quota is exhausted, write to us and let us send you a trial subscription for a quarter of a year for \$1.25, or better yet, send it to you for a year for \$5.00. No better present for a boy or man could be suggested.

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"I have been advertising for over eleven years and every advertisement I have placed has had a different key number, so I know exactly how much I make and how much I lose on an advertisement. My experience has been that flat magazines and magazines where they place advertisements alongside of reading matter are the best magazines for small space advertisements as well as large space. I think that Leslie's Weekly is the best buy on the market today."

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Profit by the experience of this advertiser. Learn the absolute facts about the new Leslie's Weekly. When you look at the comparative rates of twenty-four publications and see where Leslie's stands, and when you read many letters like the above you will believe that Leslie's is the best buy on the market today, and you will act on it.

ALLAN C. HOFFMAN  
Advertising Manager



**Leslie's**  
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



340,000 circulation guaranteed—\$1.25 a line

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New

# Judge?

It's Great

The news company increased their order 20,000 copies the second week.

Join JUDGE'S circle of merry readers. Wise men know that every care adds a nail to your coffin, while every laugh draws one out.

Therefore, increase the number of your years and hitch up to a year's subscription of JUDGE.

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Send me JUDGE for one year—52 copies. Enclosed find \$5.00.

(Cross off offer not desired.)

Yours very truly

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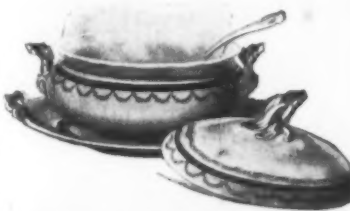
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## Soups, Stews and Hashes

Are delightful dishes when properly seasoned. Housewives find that



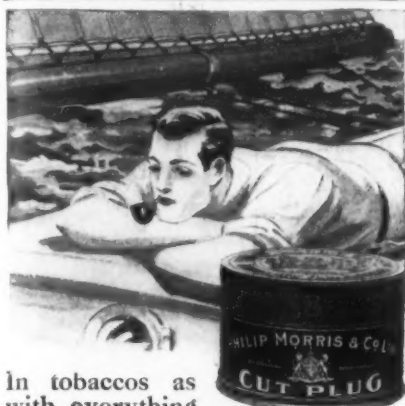
## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Gives "just the finishing touch." Soups, Fish, Meats, Game, Gravies, and Chafing Dish Cooking seem insipid without it.

Assists Digestion.

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In tobaccos as with everything "quality commands its price". For

## PHILIP MORRIS English Mixture and Cut Plug

you pay \$2.00 the pound, in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 tins. It's worth that—and more. The English idea has been "Americanized"—you get tobacco perfection without paying import duty.

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The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.  
Dept. 69, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.



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Attend no stammering school till you hear from me. Write for large FREE book and special rates. Largest and best school in the world curing by natural method. Write for the book now. Lee Wells Millard, Pres., 908 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Since 1859

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Extra Dry



Has been, not only the Best AMERICAN Champagne, but, the best produced anywhere.

Its delicate flavor, bouquet and rare quality delight the Connoisseur.

Better than foreign—costs but half—no duties or ship freight to pay.

Served Everywhere

# Leslie's

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

"In God We Trust."

CXIII. Thursday, December 21, 1911 No. 2937

New York Office: Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue. Western Advertising Office: Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; Washington Representative, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Branch Subscription Offices in thirty-seven cities of the United States.

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Subscriptions and advertising for all the publications of Leslie-Judge Company will be taken at regular rates at any of the above offices.

Persons representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S should always be asked to produce credentials.

TO ADVERTISERS:—Our circulation books are open for your inspection.

TERMS: Ten cents a copy, \$5.00 a year, to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa. Foreign postage, \$1.50 extra. Twelve cents per copy, \$6.00 per year, to Canadian subscribers. Subscriptions are payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal money order.

BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1910, 20 cents; 1909, 30 cents, etc.

Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made.

Subscribers to Preferred List (see Jasper's column in this issue) will get current issue always.

The publishers will be glad to hear from subscribers who have just cause for complaint. If LESLIE'S cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers would be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported. Senders of photographs or letterpress must always include return postage. We receive such material only on condition that we shall not be held responsible for loss or injury while in our hands or in transit.

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## Some of Next Week's Features



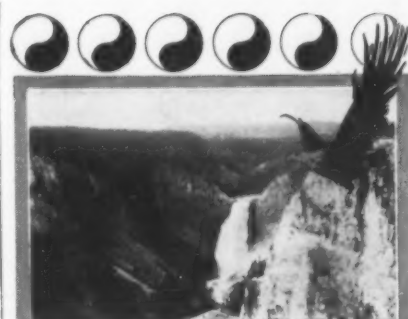
Dated December 28, 1911

**STRIKING REVIEW OF A MEMORABLE YEAR.** The important events of 1911 have been so numerous that a review of them is interesting and impressive. Dr. Charles M. Harvey, who has prepared such a review for LESLIE'S, is one of the best qualified men in the United States for that kind of work. He is a historian of high rank and his story brings out the significance of the year with great effect.

**ALASKA'S AWFUL SHIPWRECK CURSE.** One of the most woeful lacks of our great Northwest Territory is that of lighthouses along its extensive coasts. Very few of these have been erected, and, as a consequence, within the past twenty years many marine disasters have occurred, with great loss of life and property. Robert D. Heintz, LESLIE'S Washington correspondent, has written an article emphatically presenting the terrible facts in the case.

**THE GIRL THAT GOES WRONG.** Reginald Wright Kauffman's latest contribution to this widely read series is entitled, "The Girl That Was Engaged," and it is one of his best efforts in this line. It contains a warning to young men and women of marriageable age that should be read and pondered in millions of households.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



## The Ideal Xmas Gift.

A trip next summer to Yellowstone Park and the North Pacific Coast through the Storied Northwest, via the Great Lakes and the "Scenic Highway."

## Special Fares

Low Round-Trip Summer Tourist Fares in effect daily, June 1 to September 30, 1912. Special Convention Fares on certain dates during the summer.

Let me send you de luxe book-lets for the Christmas tree, and full information.

A. M. CLELAND  
General Passenger Agent  
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## Northern Pacific Railway

Original, direct and only line to Gardiner Gateway, Official Yellowstone Park Entrance. Season: June 15-Sept. 15

Panama-Pacific Inter'l Exposition  
San Francisco, 1915



One of our 40 designs.

## GREATEST Piano Offer

Here is indeed the greatest, the most stupendous, the most amazing offer ever made in the history of the piano—a simply sweeping, paralyzing offer.

## Shipped FREE

We will ship to you absolutely and positively free and prepaid a genuine Wing piano, or player piano (your choice of any of our 40 designs). We don't want a cent of your money. No deposit or C. O. D. We want to prove to you the overwhelming superiority of the Wing. We want you to try the Wing in your own home, for 30 whole days free, to be sure that the Wing is the one piano for you. We want you to compare the Wing with every piano you ever saw, and be convinced that in beauty of design and tone, it stands without a peer.

## Big Book Sent FREE

Write today for our handsome, big, new piano book (156 pages)—the biggest piano book ever published—the book of complete information about pianos. It will tell you about the piano business, and tell you how to judge a piano every time. Every one should have one of these books, the book is sent to you absolutely free and prepaid. No obligations whatsoever. Just send your name and address on a postal or a letter and we will send you the big piano book and full particulars of the greatest of all piano offers. Write today while this big offer lasts. Do not delay.

WING PIANO CO., Dept. 2419,  
WING BLDG.,  
9th Ave. & 13th St., New York City, N. Y.

# LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Vol. CXIII.

Thursday, December 21, 1911

No. 2937.



THE HOLD-UP

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THE NATION'S LAWMAKERS ONCE MORE IN SESSION.

Opening of the second session of the Sixty-second Congress, at Washington. Speaker Clark has just called the members to order and Chaplain Coudon is leading in prayer. This view was taken from the Republican side and the Democrats are facing the camera.

## EDITORIAL

### Problems.

**P**ROBLEMS are only solved by study. It is not necessary to have a college degree to solve a great problem. Some of our greatest inventions have been made by workingmen, self taught or with only a common-school education. Some of our wisest rulers never had time for school. Garfield read his books as he walked the towpath and Lincoln studied by the light of a pine-knot fire.

Every nation has its problems. The Old World has them. It is a century of new problems. The feudal days have gone. The slave driver is relegated to the past; humanity is leveling all differences of wealth and station. Every man feels on an equality with his neighbor. No one takes his hat off to another. This is democracy.

The world is struggling to grow better. Higher education is taking the place of higher feeding. Seventy-five years ago the higher education of women was looked upon much as too many of us now regard woman suffrage. To-day our country is studded with women's colleges and woman suffrage is established in six States.

We have been improving the breed of cattle and horses and are now studying to improve the breed of children. The one-tenth on top is paying attention to the submerged one-tenth at the bottom. The eight-tenths in the middle are getting busier all the time.

This has come about in an era of republics and of individual sovereignty. Scholars, statesmen, men of great wealth are all planning to be more helpful. Gifts of magnificent libraries, endowments of palatial hospitals, universities and institutes of research on every side are all an evidence of the trend of the time.

Captains of industry are planning to make their employes their partners. Societies are being organized for the betterment of the poor and the prevention of the pangs of poverty. Commissions are attempting to suppress vice in our great cities and powerful organizations allied with the churches are teaching the gospel of temperance and right living. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a marvelous

work in giving idle hands something to do and in keeping them out of mischief.

But the churches teach religion like a divided army. They are contending over denominational and theological differences. Non-sectarian and independent organizations are doing the work of improving humanity, reforming the vicious and rescuing the perishing. In other days this work was left to the churches. They didn't do it thoroughly, so society is solving the problem.

Yes, this is an age of problems, new, strange and perplexing. The solutions will be far-reaching. Such an age gives an opportunity for the untried and unthinking to work great mischief. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and a host of illiterates are posing as masters of men and telling us what to do. Are these masters of men students of our problems? Are the yellow press and the muck-raking magazines patiently and laboriously searching into the depths of the burning questions of to-day? Not for a minute! They have not the patience. They are noise-makers, not problem-solvers.

The greatest of all our problems bears on the question of socialism. The word means far more than is generally understood. It comprehends the problem of all problems in the new century. There is a true and a false socialism—one that means improvement of the masses and one that points the way to anarchy.

Thoughtful people must bear this fact in mind and be prepared to meet the outcome. If they do not solve the problem rightly, some one will solve it wrongly. If they do not organize and use their tremendous influence and all the power of contributed wealth toward educating the people on right lines, the yellow press and the muck-raking magazines will continue to educate them on wrong lines.

Better than the hospitals, the libraries and the universities is an endowment of truth-telling newspapers that shall deal with facts, study problems and teach the people the fundamentals of right living and right thinking. The propaganda of a false socialism is being persistently pushed. Socialistic newspapers are being established in all our busy centers. What is the result? Let the recent elections answer.

It is foolish to close our eyes to the gravity of the situation. At heart the American people are honest, the masses intelligent, and to honesty and intelligence truth can always and safely make its appeal. Let our wealthy benefactors drop their golf sticks for a few moments and think. If a few yellow newspapers and a few muck-raking magazines, with an occasional socialist publica-

tion, can set the fires of revolution, what could a dozen substantial, vigorous, truth-telling newspapers and magazines, widely circulated in our congested cities, do to put out the flames?

Fire!

### The Outlook for 1912.

**W**HILE the outlook at this moment seems to be more favorable to the Republicans than it does to the Democrats, a Republican victory in 1912 is far from being certain. The persistence of insurgency, with its consequent weakening of the Republican line and its temptations to deals with the Democrats, makes several of the Western States somewhat doubtful. Probability points to Republican victory in New York and New Jersey next year, and this will become certainty if Woodrow Wilson should be nominated for the presidency by the Democrats. The severe reverse he has just received in his own State in the election for the Legislature will injure his prestige and take away the attractiveness which many Democrats saw in him. On the other hand, the Democratic victories in Ohio will have a tendency to help Governor Harmon in the Democratic convention next year, even though those victories were in municipal contests and thus have no bearing on national issues. With Harmon at the head of the Democratic ticket in 1912, the Republicans would have the fight of their lives in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and other conservative States in the East. Massachusetts is reasonably sure to declare for the Republican ticket next year, as it always has done in presidential elections since the party was founded over half a century ago, although it has often, in the interval between the quadrennial divisions, chosen Democratic Governors.

As the situation seems to shape itself now, the Republicans have more than an equal chance to have New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the Eastern doubtful States of the old-time classification, with them; but they will have difficulty in holding in line all the Western States which were carried by Taft in 1908. Of course New York, with its enlarged representation in the electoral college, or forty-five votes, would counterbalance the loss of several normally Republican States west of the Mississippi; but even with New York and the rest of the Eastern doubtful States, the Republicans cannot afford to lose many States in the West.

Probably Champ Clark at the head of the Democratic ticket would be stronger in the West than



Harmon, but Harmon would unquestionably get more votes in the big States of the East. While the outlook need not discourage any Republican, it calls for much intelligent harmonizing work in Congress and in the country at large this winter, if the Republican party is to retain the presidency in 1912 and to regain the House of Representatives.

### Penny Postage the Farmer's Foe.

**A** SCHEME has been devised, obvious on its face, to create public sentiment for one-cent postage, and over this, through raising the rate for second-class matter, to strike at all newspapers and periodicals. To offset the protests against increasing the second-class rate which has prevailed for over a quarter of a century, the One-cent Letter Postage Association, abundantly financed, is making a systematic effort to line up Senators and Representatives at Washington in a demand for a one-cent-rate bill.

Penny postage would mean a deficit to the Post-office Department of \$60,000,000, and an essential feature of the agitation is to saddle this deficit upon second-class matter. Would this be just? "Now, if all classes, all concerns and all localities used the various classes of mail in the same proportion," said Stuart H. Perry, of the *Adrian Daily Telegram*, before the National Editorial Association, at Detroit, "there would be no argument; but the reverse is true. The farmer is the great patron of the second-class mail, the big business interests of first-class mails."

It is the city that uses red stamps—not all its inhabitants either, but the great offices that center in the city. A single large mail-order house or one of our great insurance companies will probably use more two-cent stamps in a year than several rural counties. Government reports show that about sixty-three per cent. of all letters are mailed from first-class post-offices, while the twelve largest cities alone mail thirty-four per cent. In contrast with this we have only 4.8 per cent. mailed by rural routes in 1909. But if the farmer's share of first-class mail is small, his proportion of second-class mail received is extremely large. With but twenty-two per cent. of the population, the farmers on rural routes receive nearly thirty-three per cent. of all the newspapers and periodicals sent through the mails. Penny postage would mean the foisting of a large part of the \$60,000,000 deficit upon the village and country population. This would be injustice of the worst sort, and yet, by maintaining the present two-cent rate, injustice is done to no one. The large purchasers of two-cent stamps in the cities cannot complain, for they are thus able to solicit business over an unlimited territory at the trifling cost of a stamp.

That it is the purpose to charge the deficit which would result from one-cent postage up to the newspapers and periodicals, there can be no doubt. Harrison B. Burroughs says very frankly that the fight of the One-cent Letter Postage Association is directed against "thousands of insignificant periodicals." This means, as we have shown, a fight against the best interests of the farmers and all rural residents who, constituting one-fifth of the population, use one-third of second-class mail matter. How to make the country attractive, how to keep the population on the farm has been a problem for country life commissions, sociologists and statesmen. Good roads, automobiles, telephones and rural delivery have all helped to check the tide running to the city. To introduce penny postage and foist the postal deficit on second-class matter would be the biggest blow country life could possibly receive, in that it would deprive the farmer of his papers and magazines. "For every dollar the farmer saved by this plan," says Mr. Perry, "he would pay six dollars in higher subscription rates."

Farmers have the reputation of not awaking to their interests until too late to do anything. Will they remain inactive now, while their rights are being taken from them?

### An Important Change.

**I**N THE Republican national convention of 1908, Congressman Francis Burke, of the Pittsburgh district, moved that, in addition to the four delegates at large, one delegate should be granted to each State for every 10,000 Republican votes, or major fraction thereof, cast by it in the preceding presidential election. His proposition was defeated by a vote of 506 to 471. Senator Bourne, of Oregon, now proposes a similar departure from present practice, differing only from the Burke plan in making the unit of representation one delegate for every 8,865 votes cast for the Republican candidate in the preceding election, or major fraction thereof. This suggestion has much to recommend it. It would give to the States which are relied on to elect Republican Presidents the dominant voice in the selection of Republican candidates.

Under the existing plan, by which delegates are allotted to States on the basis of their representation in Congress, regardless of the partisan complexion of that representation, the Southern States, which never give an electoral vote to the Republican party, send so many delegates to Republican national conventions that they can, in coalition with a few Northern or Western States, dictate the ticket and frame the platform. These States, under existing usage, will send 252 dele-

gates out of a total of 1,072 to the convention of 1912. Thus, on the basis of the vote for Taft in 1908, 218 Mississippi Republicans would have an equal voice in the selection of a candidate in 1912 with 11,000 Republicans in Michigan. In a general way, the States here cited are typical of the conditions in their respective sections and give a tolerably fair illustration of the wrong which is perpetrated on Republican communities by the existing scheme of representation in conventions.

Under the reform proposed, the South would lose many delegates and some of the Northern and Western States would make large gains. Illinois would gain seventeen, Indiana thirteen, Iowa nine, Michigan twelve, New Jersey six, New York twelve, Ohio eleven, Pennsylvania twelve and Wisconsin six. All of these States have been giving their electoral vote to Republican candidates for years. By the Oregon Senator's plan, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Michigan, Missouri and Iowa would have a majority of the convention of 1912.

The Southern delegates are often swayed—though, of course, not always corruptly—by the Federal office-holders and generally vote solidly for the renomination of a President who is serving his first term. This scandal received a scathing and memorable rebuke from Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, in the convention in Minneapolis, in 1892, which renominated President Harrison and which prepared the Republican party for an overwhelming defeat by Cleveland.

### The Yardstick!

**F**OUR great intellectual lights—Senator Cummins, of Iowa; Congressman Littleton, of New York; Samuel Untermyer, the eminent barrister, and stalwart Chancellor Day, of the sturdy Syracuse University—spoke on the Sherman law at a recent dinner of the Economic Club, in New York.

All agreed that the Sherman anti-trust law was a failure. Every one of them had something to offer in its stead, but every one differed as to the nature of the amendments required.

Think of it! A statute of the most drastic nature, imperiling the prosperity of the whole country, and nobody knows what to do with it! Is not the question of Senator Bourne very pertinent: "Who is to provide the yardstick" by which the corporations, great and small, shall be measured?

Can Senator Bourne tell us how the Sherman law can be amended? Does Colonel Roosevelt know how? Has President Taft shown us the way? Has our trust-busting Attorney-General opened the door?

Has the United States Supreme Court laid down a dictum sufficiently comprehensive to govern every case? On the contrary, all that this great court—the highest judicial body in the country, if not in the world—could say was that the Sherman anti-trust law must be interpreted in the light of reason. That means, we infer, that every corporation must be adjudged according to its own peculiarities of origin, organization and conduct.

This is the perilous and uncertain condition of the industries of the country to-day. It has been brought about by muck-raking magazines, the yellow press and by self-seeking demagogues of both parties. Every workingman now knows it. Every capitalist found it out long ago.

What shall we do with the Sherman law? Deal with it as we deal with a mad dog!

### The Plain Truth.

**T**HE FIRST insurgent was Samson, who pulled the house down with him. What will the Republican insurgents do if they succeed in dividing their party? Where will they land?

**MEXICO!** What will be the fate of Mexico?

This may be a burning question shortly. Everybody hopes for the best for our sister republic, but many fear the worst. It is obvious that things in Mexico are in a bad way, and it would not be surprising if General Reyes should make serious trouble for President Madero. The opponents of Diaz promised too much. Everybody in Mexico who was out of a job expected to have money without doing any work if the revolution succeeded. They are all disappointed and business in Mexico is at a standstill. A worse revolution may be impending, with the ultimate solution of the situation either in the selection of a President who will have the support of the American government or intervention on our part to prevent chaos. Too bad!

**RESCUE!** Thousands of lives are sacrificed annually through preventable diseases. The tremendous sacrifice is the result of gross and widespread ignorance. The people need enlightenment in the matters of proper food, proper ventilation and proper living. Medical inspection and instruction have been introduced into the schools and sanitary measures are introduced into the homes of the poor by municipal-inspection systems and charitable activities, but the surface of ignorance is as yet barely scratched. Help through the press is needed. Were the energies directed by sensation-seekers and muck-rakers against imaginary evils diverted into a campaign of education

along hygienic lines, tens of thousands of lives and millions of dollars would be saved annually. When will the press awaken?

**THE PROMPT** and complete obedience to the mandate of the court by the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies shows the spirit that animates a law-abiding people. Nor should trust-busters overlook the fact that, in busting the former corporation, they did not destroy its superb pension system for its 72,000 employees. With a forethought and consideration deserving the highest credit, the company arranged before its dissolution so that its subsidiary companies should adopt the pension system of the parent company. Under this system, twenty-five years of continued and satisfactory service and attainment of the age of sixty-five while in the company's employ, give him the right to be retired upon his own request at the average salary he had been receiving for the ten preceding years. Does such a company deserve praise or blame?

**BUNCO!** Kansas leads the fight against fake investment promoters. These have been selling stocks of wireless concerns, of magazines on the ragged edge, of oil companies, mining concerns and plantation corporations, on a basis of about a thousand to one of real value. Some have had no value at all. Kansas made its bank commissioner, Mr. Dolley, a supervisor of these concerns. They are not permitted to sell their shares in Kansas without his knowledge and consent. He recently described the operations of the new law in *LESLIE'S*. The newspapers of the country generally should commend what is known as the "Kansas blue sky law." This is the recommendation of the *Topeka Capital*. It says, "Two leading weekly magazines, the *Saturday Evening Post* and *LESLIE'S*, have told the story." Let others tell it. Put an end to the bunco gamblers.

**DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT!** Those who see salvation for the oppressed in government ownership of railroads should sally forth to France, where the state controls and operates its railway lines. According to the *Economist*, a conservative and notably truthful English contemporary, conditions there are anything but ideal. "Trains," says the *Economist*, "are consistently and enormously late. The administration, being unable to exact anything more from its employees, among whom discipline has disappeared, has during the last two years been lengthening the scheduled runnings and has just increased the run from Paris to Havre, for example, by an hour, or, at a minimum, forty-five minutes. This line, newly taken over by the state, will yield a deficit on working expenses of about sixty-six million francs at the end of 1911." If France, noted for its genius in bureaucratic administration, makes such a fiasco of its railway operation, could we expect better conditions here in the United States under government ownership?

**NEEDED!** A far-reaching revolution is needed in the matter of railway-car ventilation and methods of sanitation. A coach, either of the sleeping or day variety, properly heated and at the same time provided with the necessary amount of fresh air is a novelty; while the porter's ever-present whiskbroom and feather duster, with which he occasionally rearranges the particles of germ-carrying dust, show no signs of abatement of activity. A simple manner of doing away with these evils, suggested in a recent article by Dr. Charles P. Wertenbaker, of the United States Public Health and Hospital Service, would be the installation in each coach of a vacuum-cleaner system for removing the dust from both the car and the clothing of the passengers, the power from the moving wheels being utilized. This, with the addition of an air-purifying device, of which a number have been recently perfected, would seem a practicable solution of the problem, and worthy of the attention of the railway authorities. Where's Edison?

**NOTHING** could be more pathetic than the young farmer begging the police of Chicago to find his wife, who had gone to the city to do some shopping and who "has never been heard from since." Commenting upon the incident, the *New York World* says, "How many young women of the country and girls from the villages have 'never been heard from since'! How many every year, every month, every week, every day must be sucked into the maelstrom, their identities swallowed up, their names lost!" Yes, how many! It is this which gives justification for the publication of the white slave stories appearing in *LESLIE'S*. They are not pleasant reading. They disclose life tragedies we would prefer never to hear. But they reveal a nation-wide state of affairs the whole public should know about. They are an essential part of a movement to uproot the whole iniquitous traffic. Their effect, however, will be only temporary in the stirring up of so much emotion unless they arouse parents to the performance of their duties and succeed in warning young women of the traps that are laid and compel public officials to enforce the law. The great majority of girls are not lost in this way, but it is worth all our effort to try to save the minority who are being swept to destruction.

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# The Camera's Gleanings in the News Field



A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN'S REMARKABLE TEAM.

Judge W. H. Moore, of New York, driving his famous Park Team, at Richmond, near London, England. These are the winners of the Berkeley Challenge Cup, Olympia, London, 1911. Lord and Lady Seaton are in the lead, Burgomaster and Robin Hood in the wheel. The Park Team won all the big prizes at the Olympia in London last June and also won the Park Four at Madison Square Garden, this fall.



SAVAGE NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Types of the Moros, Island of Mindanao, armed with the bolo. The Moros have given much trouble and lately renewed attacks on Americans.



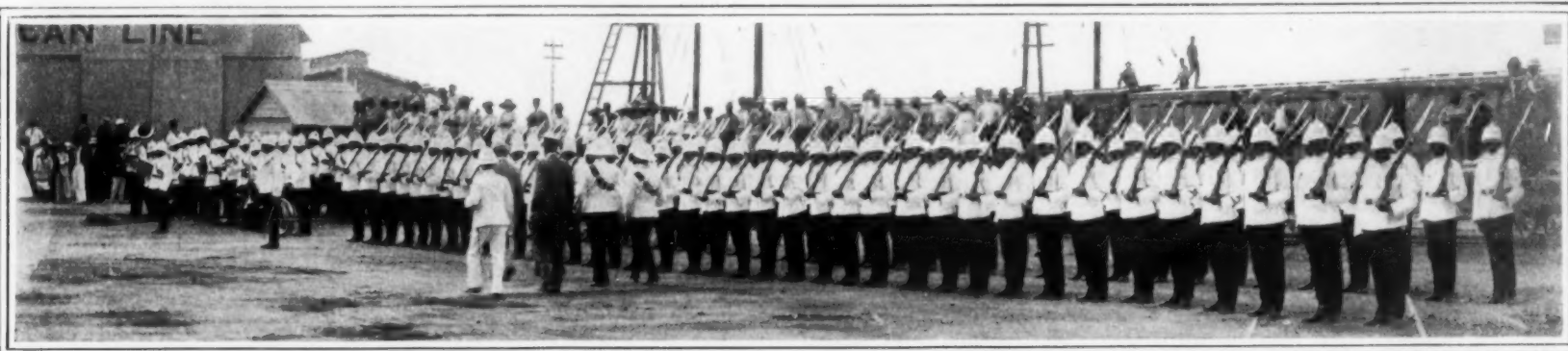
PICTURESQUE FILIPINOS.

Group of the Bagabos of Zamboanga attired in the peculiar native costume.



TERRIFIC FOREST FIRE IN CALIFORNIA.

Spectacular scene at Santa Monica, where a large tract of woodland was burned over, and where homes and stocks of many ranchers were destroyed.



A BRITISH GOVERNOR STARTING FOR THE PANAMA CANAL.

Recently Sir Sidney Oliver, Governor of Jamaica, W. I., visited the Panama Canal to study the waterway and report its probable effect on British Colonies. In the photograph the governor is shown inspecting the guard at the dock before boarding the Hamburg-American liner "Prinz August Wilhelm," which conveyed him from Jamaica to the Isthmus.

# Signs of Prosperity in the South and the West



SHIPPING FACILITIES GREATLY IMPROVED.

Steamer at the lately completed municipal wharf, at Montgomery, Ala. This modern incline and wharf is said to be the only one of its kind in the United States.



BOOMING AGRICULTURE IN TEXAS.

Imposing cotton palace at Waco, which was opened by Governor Colquitt, and which was visited by more than 125,000 interested persons.



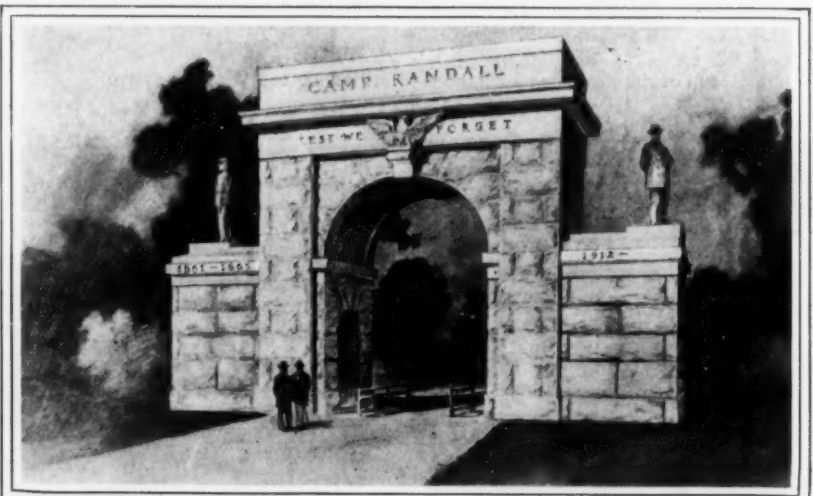
SPLENDID NEW BRIDGE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Dedication of the new Monroe Street concrete viaduct at Spokane, Wash., witnessed by 25,000 spectators. Mayor Wm. H. Hindley, speaking.



HOW RAPIDLY AMERICAN PLACES GROW.

Main Street of Grandview, Wash., typical of the prosperity of Yakima county. Four years ago only two houses were in sight. Four brick buildings were lately constructed on the right side of the street.



A PROPOSED HANDSOME MEMORIAL.

Stone Arch to be erected at the entrance to Camp Randall, Madison, Wis., by the Veterans' Memorial Association, in honor of soldiers who fought in the Civil War.



# The Unsurpassed Park System of Kansas City



THE PASEO AT TENTH STREET BEFORE THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.



MEYER MONUMENT AT THE PASEO AND TENTH STREET AFTER IMPROVEMENTS WERE EFFECTED.



PENN VALLEY PARK, CONTAINING 132 ACRES NEAR THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY.



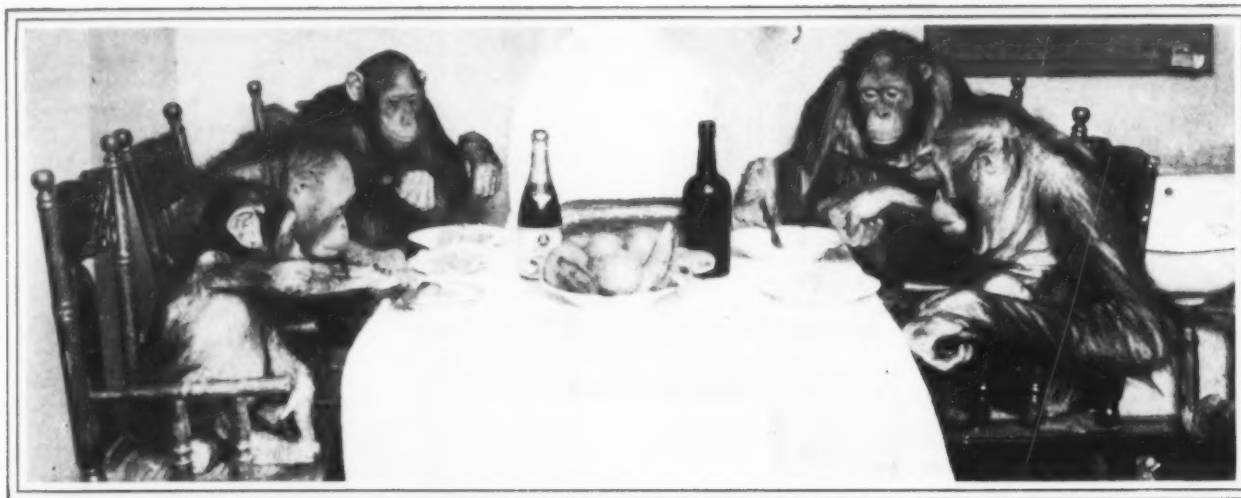
WEST TERRACE PARK AT TENTH STREET—"BEFORE."



TENTH STREET OUTLOOK AND TERRACE IN WEST TERRACE PARK—"AFTER."

The above photographs are new and were submitted to Leslie's Washington Bureau by Mr. Henry D. Ashley, Commissioner of Parks, and one of the best known civic workers of Kansas City. Kansas City's parks and boulevards are now famous the world over. There are over 2,000 acres of parks now and upwards of seventy miles of splendidly paved boulevards and park drives. Swope Park, one of the most beautiful of its kind in America, contains 1,354 acres. The cost of the park and boulevard system to April 18, 1909, was nearly \$9,000,000. There are nearly three hundred miles of paved streets.

# Curious Scenes Witnessed at a Famous "Zoo" Pri



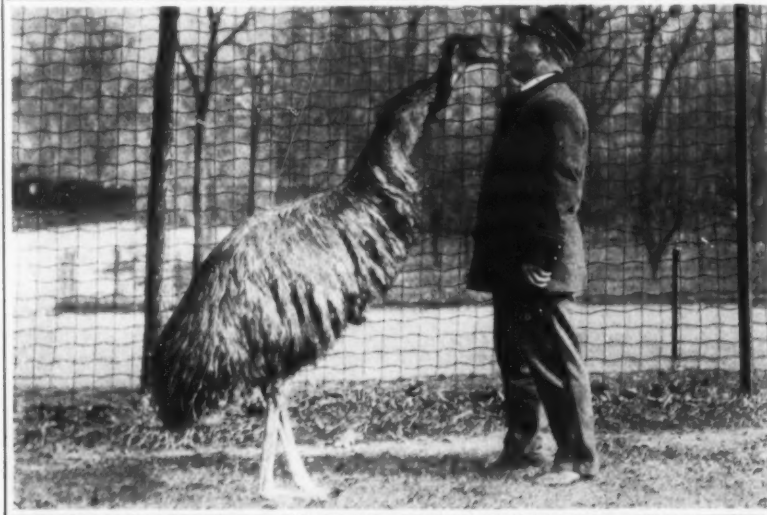
ALMOST HUMAN CHIMPANZEES.

A group at table displaying up-to-date manners and all using the fork properly.



THE KING OF BEASTS POSING.

Avard Fairbanks, a fourteen-year-old sculptor, modeling a lion. He won an art school scholarship with his animal models.



THE BIG EMU SHOWING OFF.

Deftly taking a banana from the mouth of its keeper, without injuring him with its strong beak.



FEEDING HER FAVORITE.

A 225-pound baby musk-ox from the polar regions, enjoying a dish of crushed oats. It is the only one in captivity.



LONG NECKS VERY HANDY.

Feeding the giraffes both from the ground and from a tree.



A YOUNGSTER'S NOVEL STEED.

Baby boy riding on the back of a baby walrus, which seems to enjoy the experience as much as its rider.



"GIVE ME A JOB."

Chimpanzee "Baldy" equipped as a hoddie.



BRAVING THE BUFFALOES.

Master Fairbanks modeling a Buffalo out among the excitable herd, where men artists have feared to work.



ALL EXPECTATION.

"Ivan," the bear, standing ready to catch a fish.

The above photos were taken at the Zoological garden in Bronx Park, New York City, where many specimens of wild animals are on exhibition. The "Zoo" is one of the sights of the metropolis, and is visited by crowds of people at all seasons of the year.



Underground from the roof.



A B Natives hauling.



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# Primitive Life in Northern Siberia



EVIDENCES OF WEALTH.

Large reindeer herd owned by a magnate. These animals are the main source of subsistence for many natives and a man's riches are told by the size of his herd.



CURIOUS DWELLING IN THE ARCTIC ZONE.

Underground house of a native family which is entered by means of a log ladder from the roof. Dwellings like this are covered with snow ten months of the year.



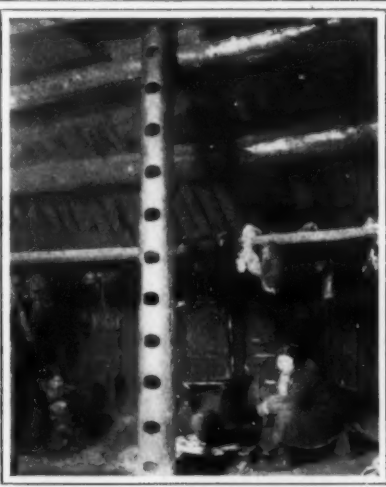
FUN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Children enjoying themselves by riding docile and trained reindeer, which are speedy travelers and have great staying power.



A BIG FISH THAT DIDN'T ESCAPE.

Natives hauling home a white whale on a sledge over the ice floes.



SECURE FROM THE TERRIBLE COLD.

Interior of a winter underground house, with its log ladder. Sometimes twenty-five persons dwell in such a house.



AFTER SEA FOOD.

Native woman fishing through a hole in the ice with the temperature at 40 degrees below zero.



IN HER SOCIETY TOGS.

Owner of many reindeer attired in ornamented dress.



SEEKING A CHANGE OF SCENE.

Restless family on the move. The center animal draws the tent poles while the others carry skins for a tent.



A PORTABLE CRADLE.

Large bag of reindeer skin used for transporting babies.

The upper part of Siberia lies in the Arctic zone and is inhabited by primitive tribes which are on a level in development and condition with the Eskimos in North America. They are nomadic and depend largely on reindeer for subsistence, but they also engage in hunting and fishing. In the milder season they dwell in tents, but in the fearfully cold winter months they find shelter in underground houses.



# The Mysterious Millionaire

The Unknown Donor of Gilt-edged Christmas Presents, and How the Donee Missed a Big Trick

By WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE, Author "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," etc.

DENNIS, the office-boy, turned round just as he was leaving for the day.

"Good-night, everybody!" he cried aloud to what seemed an empty row of offices.

"Thanks, everybody! Merry Christmas, everybody!" His farewell brought two people to the front—Miss Longacre, at one end of the long line of private offices, and Jerrold, the assistant managing clerk, at the other.

"Merry Christmas!" they cried in unison. "Good luck, Dennis!" They stood there, waiting, until the sound of his footsteps had faded in the distance; then Jerrold, from his end of the big office, addressed Miss Longacre in a hoarse whisper.

"Are we alone?" he asked. "Has everybody gone?"

"Yes," she whispered in return, coming down the narrow lane to meet him half way. "Why do you ask?"

He caught both her hands in his. "You know why I ask!" he answered. "And if you don't, come into Cowen's room and I'll tell you."

Cowen's room—it had come to be their trysting place, and quite naturally so. Cowen, the head of the firm, was imbued with the old-fashioned principle of economy, and, though it didn't make a dollar's worth of difference to the office, he invariably switched off his private lights before he went. This made his room a Mecca for two pilgrims of the ilk of Jerrold and Miss Longacre. They might as easily, of their own accord, have turned any other private office into darkness; but the lines of least resistance always led them into the gloaming that Cowen unwittingly had prepared for them.

For a long while the two stood silent, in the window, hand in hand, watching the hurrying, scurrying crowd, homeward bound, on Nassau Street below.

"To their sweethearts, to their wives—their children!" said Jerrold chokingly. "Suddenly he caught the girl in his arms and held her to him."

"How long," he said, more to himself than to her—and he spoke as one might speak to some unseen force—"how long is this going to last?"

The girl looked up into his eyes. "We can end it any time we please," she said.

He held her from him and looked searchingly into her face. "You mean," he asked her, "that we can—marry any time we please?"

She struggled to get back to the security of his shoulder. She wanted to nestle close to his beating heart, wanted to feel his boyish face against her hair. Her hand crept up about his neck.

"Yes, Jiminy," she whispered back to him, "I mean that. We can marry any time we please."

It was some time before Jiminy Jerrold could trust himself to speak. When he did, it was in harsh, strained accents that sounded quite unlike his own.

"Amy," he said, "you don't mean that."

"Oh, but I do," answered she. "You know I do." He placed a chair for her on one side of Cowen's flat-topped desk. Then he sat, facing her, in Cowen's seat, upon the other side.

"I'm not going to do anything that I'll regret, Amy," he went on; but his words were as heavy as lead. Intelligence was driving out desire as with a scourge. "And I'm not going to let you do anything that you'll regret. Think about it soberly. Detach yourself from yourself. Look on this thing as—well, as your sister Maude would see it. You know what I'm getting, don't you?—and you know that I'm getting all I'm worth—and you know that I'm not likely to get much more as the years roll on—I'm not much of a business man—"

Amy's hand crept across the desk and covered his. "Thank heaven, you're not!" said Amy. "Deliver me from the average business man! I want a lover, Jiminy, not a business man."

Jiminy caught the recreant hand and kissed it. "Listen, Amy," he went on, "to the humiliating part of it. You know it, but we've got to say it. You're earning more than I am, don't you see. And I—God help me!—I can hardly get along on what I earn—"

The girl withdrew her hand. "Well," she said crisply, "there's only one solution to it all. You don't care anything for me, and you don't want to marry me. You constantly set up obstacles, and you won't let me knock them down. If you meant—"

Jerrold was at her side in an instant, silencing her in the most approved fashion. "If you talk like that," he said, "you'll make me marry you in spite of everything. Won't you help me out—isn't there some way—"

Amy sobered down. "Yes," she answered earnestly, "there is—and a very good one. Let us go on just as we are here—only married. We'll earn a living side by side—day by day—you and I—"

"Oh," he protested, "but that can't go on forever, can it? You know it can't—you know—"

Amy Longacre's eyes flashed fire. She caught Jiminy suddenly by the shoulders. "Look here, Jiminy!" she cried fiercely. "You are head over heels in love with me, and I am head over heels in love with you. I'm not marrying a job. I want you for what you are. I love you for your good looks, for your fine shoulders, your hair, your eyes—for yourself! I'd rather live with you in two rooms on a back

alley than with any other man in a palace! Do you understand? It's dear and good of you to raise all these objections. I know how humiliated you feel! I wish I couldn't earn a cent! But, dear, listen! We're both young, aren't we? Well, let's have the love while we're young—in a hovel, if need be—together, always. Your heart and mine say so, don't they, Jiminy?"

For a long while Jerrold struggled silently with himself. "You are sure," he said, speaking evenly, "that you mean all this—that you will never change in this—that you will come with me when I say the word?"

Her eyes held his. "You know, don't you, Jiminy?" she said.

He felt in his pocket and drew forth a circlet of gold, jeweled with a red stone. "It's not a solitaire, Amy," he exclaimed. "It's a ruby—come down to me from my mother. I want to put it on the third finger of your left hand, if you'll let me."

Amy Longacre trembled. But she was very still and quiet while he put it on. Then she clung to him afresh.

"We—we're regularly engaged!" she cried. "Jiminy—engaged!"

"Engaged!" solemnly repeated Jiminy, after her. "And you're a dear, dear girl to throw yourself away on me!"

She held her face up to be regularly kissed. "Remember," she repeated gently to him, between kisses, "in a hovel—any time."

The postman was just entering the Allardye as she reached home that evening. "Something else for you, Miss Longacre," he said, handing her a small, cubical package; "and that's all, I think. There's nothing for Miss Maude and nothing for Miss Leila."

Amy Longacre fumbled in her purse. "Fair exchange is no robbery, Mr. Letter-carrier," she said, taking the package with one hand and passing him something with the other. He touched his hat again.

"Thanks and Merry Christmas to you, Miss Amy!" he exclaimed. He stood still for a moment and watched her ascend the stairs. "Gee!" he exclaimed softly to himself. "The chap that gets that girl—She's fit to be the wife of a millionaire! I wish,"

he added quite earnestly, "that I was a millionaire, at that!" All which, on the part of a man who had a wife and several children at home, constituted remarks of a most unwarranted nature, it would seem.

On the fourth floor above, Amy Longacre burst into the presence of her elder sisters with unwonted radiance upon her face.

"You're late as thunder, Amy!" said her sister Maude. "I got home two hours ago. What's been keeping you?"

## The Baboushka—A Russian Legend.

WHEN borne upon the silent night  
Long centuries ago,  
There came the ring of bridle reins,  
And voices hushed and low.  
She hastened to her door to see  
What prince or potentate,  
Upon the road to Bethlehem  
Was journeying so late.

"O! whither dost thou go with gifts,  
In pomp so great?" she cried.  
"We follow yonder blazing star,"  
A bearded king replied.  
"It leads us to the babe, new born,  
And in a manger laid,  
Who comes to save the wicked world,  
Pray join our cavalcade."

"First I must sweep the ashes up,  
And put the bread to rise,  
Then I will follow too," she said,  
"The glory in the skies."  
But when the pots and pans were scoured,  
And hearth and table cleared,  
Behold! the east was dark again,  
The star had disappeared.

When loud and sweet the Christmas bells,  
Chime out from tower and town,  
Still seeking for the infant Christ,  
She wanders up and down.  
Her arms are full of cakes and toys,  
Her weary feet are sore,  
The snow is on her old gray head,  
She knocks at every door.

When fair and frosty falls the eve  
Of His nativity,  
She fills the children's stockings up  
And decks the Christmas tree.  
No little one is overlooked,  
From vale to mountain high,  
Lest one might be the Holy Child,  
And she might pass him by.

MINNA IRVING.

"You won't wonder when I tell you," replied Amy, flushing.

"We'll wonder until you do," suggested Leila, "so you'd better tell us right away."

Amy sat down without removing her hat or her gloves. "Just got a new present," she remarked evasively. "Give me time to open it and see what it is."

She tore off the outer wrapper, revealing within a cubical white box, and within that another box of creamy white kid. This she opened with feverish haste. Nestling on its silken pillow inside the inner box was a ring—sparkling in the gaslight.

"A solitaire!" cried her amazed sisters, both at once. Then they looked at each other in complete understanding.

"It's from the millionaire!" gasped Leila. "I'll bet a hat it's from the millionaire!"

Maude, in her sisterly excitement, clutched at it feverishly. She took it to the light and scrutinized it closely.

"H. C. G. to A. L.," she exclaimed. "H. C. G.," she mused. "That must be his name."

Leila darted to the little serving table. "Letter for you, Amy," she whispered, in awestruck accents. "Came this afternoon. Maybe it goes with the ring."

She was quite right. It did. Amy opened it, glanced through it quite disinterestedly and passed it to Maude.

"You can read it if you wish," she said. It was typewritten.

Maude read it aloud:

SWEETHEART:—

For the twentieth time I make an appeal—if not to your affections, at least to your curiosity. I have told you that some day I would come to claim you—that I would never take "no" for an answer. I have told you all about myself, except that I have withheld my name. I have sent you an exact list of all my holdings, have proven to you that I am rich—solidly rich—that I am young; that there is no reasonable objection to me. I have loved you, thus far, at a distance, though I have, as I have already indicated, occupied a strategic position where I have caught glimpses of you at least, several times a week. I have reason to believe that if I am to win you, I must make haste. I ask you again to marry me, Miss Amy Longacre, and I send you the formal token of my love. If your answer is "Yes," wear this ring and I shall know it. If you want to see me first, as I have no doubt you will, place a personal in the Morning Mail, addressed to A. B. C. and signed by X. Y. Z. Affly. H. C. G.

"For the first time," gasped Leila, "we've got a clew—H. C. G.—to follow up!"

Amy laughed. "And if we follow it up, at the end of it we'll find a crazy man."

Maude was busy with the telephone book. "H. C. G.," she kept repeating, with her finger on the G's. "Here's an H. C. G."

"Who?" gasped Leila, in a frenzy of excitement.

"Hyman C. Greenbaum, secondhand dealer, Third Avenue," returned Maude dejectedly. "It can't be he. Wait! Here's another. Henry C. Green. No, he's a janitor on Wall Street."

"Probably a colored millionaire," sighed Amy.

She drew off her gloves slowly and laid her hat down upon the table.

"Girls," she exclaimed suddenly, in electrifying accents, "look at me! Look at my ring—"

"What ring?" they cried, intent upon the solitaire that had just arrived. "Are you going to take him—going to wear his ring?"

Amy flashed the old-fashioned ruby in their faces. "I'm engaged to Jiminy Jerrold," she said soberly.

Her two sisters sat down with sudden shock. For a moment they stared at her aghast.

"You—little—fool!" cried Leila.

"Jiminy Jerrold!" echoed Maude. "Why, you could have had anybody that you wanted—old Cowen, even—head of the firm!"

Amy eyed her sister in alarm. "Old Cowen!" she shivered. "Who would want old Cowen?"

"You could have had anybody you wanted," persisted Maude.

"I didn't want anybody," sweetly replied Amy, with galling satisfaction, "except Jiminy Jerrold, and I've got him. He suits me to a T. And, by the way," she went on, "he's coming here to-night to meet his future sisters-in-law."

"Why, we know him!" protested Leila.

"Well, then—to spoon with me," conceded Amy, with a blush. She placed the ruby against her lips.

"My Jiminy!" she cried.

"What," demanded Maude, "are you going to do about this millionaire?"

Amy nodded. "I'm going to tell Jiminy all about him to-night," she said, "and that will end it. Jiminy ought to know."

"I don't see why," said Leila.

"Well, I do," returned Amy, as she left the room.

When she had gone, her two elders stared at one another. Leila broke the silence. "It would be better not to tell this Jerrold," she said, "because, you know, silly and strange as it all is, Maude, there's a big chance with this unknown millionaire. Have you got any clew there yet?"

"Only Herb. C. Griffin, restaurant, so far," sighed Maude. She wrinkled her brow. "I don't agree with you, Li," she went on. "I think the other way is the best way. I think if Jerrold knows—why, he'll gracefully retire—that is, if he's the kind of chap Amy makes him out to be."

The two business women continued to stare at

(Continued on page 696.)



# The Civil War in China—Fall of Kiukiang

An American's Thrilling Experience in a City Captured by the Revolutionists

By the REV. FRED R. BROWN, Head of the Department of Science in William Nast College, Kiukiang.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—This story comes direct from the scene of the civil war in Central China. It is timely, newsy and full of interest. It describes the capture of an important city by the Revolutionists and relates how the victors demeaned themselves after the battle. It shows that the revolutionists were remarkably well disposed and well disciplined, making determined and successful efforts to preserve law and order and giving foreigners perfect protection. The revolutionists style themselves "reformers," and the manner in which they conducted themselves at Kiukiang entitles them to the name. Professor Brown is at the head of the Department of Science in William Nast College, Kiukiang. Dr. Kupfer, to whom he refers, is the President of the college, and Mrs. Walley is a missionary's widow and a teacher in the Department of English.



THE RECAPTURE OF HANKOW.

Imperial troops charging on the city and firing as they advance.

KIUKIANG, CHINA, October 24th, 1911.

SINCE Wuchang was taken by the forces of the "reformers," things in Kiukiang have been at a high tension. The people took advantage of the lull in affairs to move out in great numbers to the country, carrying bedding and baggage to temporary camping places on the road from Kiukiang to Kuling. It is said, although I have not seen for myself, that a camp existed almost continuously along this road for eight or ten miles. The natural result of all this was a depression of business conditions in the city.

These conditions had been in existence for about a week, when suddenly, on Monday, the 16th instant, a note was sent by the British consul at Kiukiang, Mr. King, warning the inhabitants of the port that an attempt was to be made that night to capture the city. Our boys' school had practically closed in the morning, and there were only about fifty boys in the place. These we let sleep, knowing well the possibilities of a panic and recognizing the futility of moving them out in the night. With the girls' school, however, the case was different. It would have been the height of inanity to attempt to move them during the day, because the mere presence of two hundred Chinese women and girls going in a body to any place you please would cause no end of trouble from the rowdy element, to say nothing of the danger of starting a genuine panic among the already thoroughly frightened people. The only plan left was to get them out right at that particular time. It proved later that we could not have chosen a better time for the moving to take place, because the girls and women were sent home or to the country beginning early the next morning, and it was one solid week before the last one was gone.

With the boys and girls off our hands, those who were left, the foreigners with Dr. Mary Stone, adopted a regular plan of action. The ladies all had arrangements made to sleep in the concessions, and came into the city to the compounds, a walk of about a mile, during the day, to transact whatever business might be brought up. The men stayed in the compounds at night, to guard the property, in case the soldiers should attack and the mob come in to loot.

During all this time, the reports of the occupation of Wuchang and of the treatment of foreigners there had given us strong reassurance that there would be

no violence at Kiukiang and that special guards would be detailed for the protection of foreigners' persons and property. Still, we kept to the plan we had laid down, and the ladies still went to the concessions every night and returned every morning. Several times the word was passed around that the city was about to be taken, and we were ready to jump at a moment's notice, to make good our escape while yet time remained.

After about a week of this sort of thing, we grew heartily tired of the bother of running out to the concessions every night, and the ladies were also pre-

pared to say, "Oh, what's the use? There is not likely to be any great danger, anyway." And we had determined to stay in the city and run the risk for one night, at least. This was yesterday, Monday, the 23d.



PROFESSOR FRED R. BROWN,  
Studying Chinese with a native teacher.

pared to say, "Oh, what's the use? There is not likely to be any great danger, anyway." And we had determined to stay in the city and run the risk for one night, at least. This was yesterday, Monday, the 23d.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Walley went to the street to do some buying, and came back with the report that the *Kinsha*, a British gunboat, had left Kiukiang for Wuhu, because of reported trouble there, and that two foreigners had been killed at Hankow. The latter was on its face a gross exaggeration, or else not chargeable to the Chinese, for we had heard repeatedly that the foreigners at Han-

kow were making a big picnic of the whole affair, going out to the Revolutionists' lines and exposing themselves unnecessarily to all sorts of danger. It proved later that the two foreigners killed resolved down to a German marine who was wounded by a stray shot while watching the engagement between Revolutionists and Loyalists.

The news, as I have said, did not disquiet us very much, because we had been hearing such things all week and were pretty well hardened to it. Yet, we thought, if—if anything should happen, the ladies had better be outside. So the ladies went out, "for this once more," excepting only Mrs. Walley, who thought the trouble of going out was greater than her own apprehensions of danger. Dr. Kupfer accompanied his family out of the city, as he had done every night, and it is a curious coincidence that last night he said to me for the first time, "If there is any trouble, the signal will be three revolver shots." He and I both carried revolvers, and this was easily arranged.

When Dr. Kupfer returned, all was quiet. I stayed talking with Mrs. Walley until about half-past nine or ten o'clock, and then went to bed, suspecting nothing, of course. Almost as soon as my head touched the pillow, there began a scattered rifle fire. The shots were blanks, and I was vexed that I could not sleep at once. A few dogs began to bark and a few shouts could be heard; but, apart from the firing, the city was unusually quiet. Suddenly three reports rang out. They were not blanks, but meant business. Strange to say, I was not particularly moved to speed, but, after getting angry at myself, I suppose, for being disturbed, I got up and went to the porch off my bedroom. There was a superb sight. No need for any one to tell what was going on, for the Tao-Tai's yamen (court) was in full blaze. (The Tao-Tai is the chief official of a Chinese city of this size, having a rank and powers somewhat higher than those of our mayor at home.) The burning of the Tao-Tai's yamen—of course, the most important yamen in the city—was the signal of repudiation of the government (Manchu) regime. After dressing and calling Mrs. Walley—Dr. Kupfer had already arrived—we went to the top of our main college building and watched the blaze until it finally died down. The peculiar thing about it all was the absence of noise or commotion. Shooting

(Continued on page 701.)



WAR'S HAVOC IN HANKOW.

Battered condition of the town after its bombardment and recapture by the Imperial forces.



# New York's Fearful Forest Fires

How They Are Discovered, Battled With and Conquered

By F. T. CARDOZE



ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT.

Vigilant watchers at a fire observatory station in the Adirondacks.



ON THE BATTLE LINE.

Fire patrolmen beating out the flames in a forest, and digging trenches to stay their progress.

ported to the workers, and the corps designated as a commissary department has as important work as the fire fighters, for without nourishment adequate work could not be done.

In certain towns, practically all which are located within the Adirondack preserve, its supervisor is by virtue of his office a fire warden and is charged with the duty of preventing and extinguishing forest fires within

his township. He is clothed with all the authority that is given by the State to deal with forest-fire situations.

There are four forest-fire districts in the State, each of which is subdivided into sections, which are allotted to fire patrolmen and observatory men. The first district comprises Clinton, Essex and Franklin counties. The second district is made up of Fulton, Hamilton, Saratoga, Warren and Washington counties. The counties of Herkimer, Oneida, Lewis and St. Lawrence comprise the third district, while the fourth is composed of Delaware, Greene, Sullivan and Ulster counties. In the latter district the Catskill forest preserve is located—a territory where comparatively few fires occur.

The record of forest-fire loss is one which is at once appalling and formidable. The great State of New York has suffered deeply upon several memorable occasions. One of the most disastrous conflagrations in the Adirondack preserve and in the history of the State occurred in 1903, when, between April 20th and June 8th, over six hundred thousand acres of timber land in northern New York were burned over, at an approximate loss of \$3,500,000. The cost of fighting the fire was about \$175,000. Heavy rains finally extinguished the flames and completed the work of the fire fighters, which, it is calculated, amounted to 77,290 days' labor.

In 1904, 1,635 acres were burned; and in 1905, 2,670 acres. But 292 acres were burned in 1907, and only seventy during the following year. The Adirondack preserve was again visited with a most serious fire in 1908. As a result, 189,476 acres were burned. Damage to property in twelve counties amounted to \$1,000,000.

Forest fires in the Adirondack region of New York State are due to several causes, the most prevalent having been careless hunters and sparks from railroad locomotives. Protracted dry weather renders the forest region like tinder, which is easily set ablaze and, when once burning, spreads rapidly. To minimize the danger from locomotive sparks, an effort is being made to compel the burning of oil by locomotives operating within the Adirondack region or the installation of electric engines. Statistics show that ninety-five per cent. of the forest fires in this State have started within the one-hundred-foot width of the right of way of railroads. Inexcusable negligence has been charged against the railroad companies as the result.

Some idea of the havoc which forest fires have created in the Empire State may be gleaned from the fact that the State ranks twentieth in the Union in the production of lumber. Prior to the great fires of 1908, its yearly yield was approximately 1,266,754,365 feet board measure.

An interesting fact in relation to forest fires is



A DOOMED FOREST.

Fierce sweep of a fire over a large area of woodland.

**T**HE DAMAGE caused by forest fires in New York State, especially in the Adirondack preserve, totals many millions in actual loss and in expense in extinguishing them. The Adirondack preserve comprises 1,500,000 acres, or 2,400 square miles, and an approximate estimate of its value has been set at \$40,000,000 from a commercial standpoint. Private preserves immediately adjacent are valued at \$100,000,000 additional. Over this extensive primeval domain, wild and inaccessible in many instances, thirty-three regular fire patrolmen in the employ of the State are sponsors for its safety from fire. Seventy-eight special patrolmen form an auxiliary force; and yet, small as this body of men may seem, its efficiency has been demonstrated in recent years, which have been devoid of serious forest conflagrations. The great fire losses of previous years, however, seriously threatened the timber wealth of the State.

New York State's method of fighting forest fires is thorough. It begins with the observatory men, who are located at twenty observatory stations, which are situated upon high bluffs throughout the Adirondack preserve. The stations command extensive views of the surrounding country and a rising volume of smoke can be readily seen for many miles through the powerful glasses of the observers. If such signs of lurking fires are discovered, signals are used to spread the warning, whereupon the fire superintendent of the district wherein the fire has been located investigates and takes charge of the situation.

The fire patrolmen and special patrolmen, when pressed by a growing conflagration which they feel unable to handle, have the power to call upon private citizens to assist them, irrespective of the fact that the State pays but fifteen cents per hour to those thus pressed into a dangerous service. To refuse to comply has been made a misdemeanor. Railroad trains equipped with fire-fighting apparatus are hastily rushed to the fires along the line of the railroads when they are not too far inland. These transport the fire patrolmen and the auxiliary force, in the same manner as the truck hurries the city fireman to the scene of necessity.

Instead of hose and chemical, forest firemen use axe and spade. Trenches dug around a threatened patch of timber land are substituted for the tarpaulin blanket, the felling of trees for the directed stream of water. Frequently no water is available, and, were it always obtainable, it is doubtful if its agency would prove efficient. The erection of barriers to check the advance of the flames while clearings are cut farther on is another method of dealing with forest conflagrations.

To successfully cope with a serious forest fire an army of men is necessary, as the work is exhaustive and relays are necessary. Provisions must be trans-

that, whenever fire burns over a piece of land, the chances are greatly increased that it will be burned over again. This is accounted for by the fact that fires are not likely to originate in the green forest; but if they do start and kill the forest vegetation, the probability that it will burn over again is increased probably fifty times. This is explained by the fact that, after a fire occurs, a very inflammable growth, consisting chiefly of what is known as "brakes," fire weed and other plants, which grow profusely and die each year, furnishes the very best kind of kindling for another fire.

During one session of the Legislature, several amendments to the forest, fish and game law were passed, which were signed by Governor Hughes. These amendments are aimed at careless hunters and at those who have set fire to the timber land of the State in one manner or another. Fine and imprisonment will be liberally meted as punishment hereafter for such an offense. One year in prison and \$1,000 as a fine, or both, may be imposed upon the guilty ones. As a further precaution, it is now provided that fallows, stumps, logs, brush, dry grass or fallen timber shall not be burned in the State forest preserve from April 21st to May 31st or from September 16th to November 10th. Permission may, however, be obtained to do such burning from June 1st until September 15th, but the fires are not to be started when a heavy wind is blowing or unless there is sufficient help at hand to control a possible forest fire.

Any citizen may temporarily camp in the Adirondack Mountains, for no permit is necessary nor can one be granted. The State constitution provides that the land in the forest preserve cannot be leased, sold or exchanged, but must be kept as a wild forest land for the enjoyment of the people. The construction of portable houses, tar-paper camps, bark houses, log camps or permanent structures of any kind is absolutely prohibited, and only fallen timber can be used for cooking and heating purposes.

The man to whom the State of New York looks for the protection of its forest land from fire is Clifford R. Pettis, superintendent of forests. All reports of fires are received by him and the work of the fire patrolmen is directed by him, either by telegraph from the State capitol or from the field, which he takes when the situation is critical.

And so, unless nature deems it wise to withhold rain from the forest preserves for a protracted period during the summer and fall months, the probability of any serious forest fire in the future is minimized. Strict laws, which will be enforced, and scientific measures to detect and extinguish fires which prevail should bear fruit—fruit which will insure the conservation of the wooded wealth of New York State and alleviate the terror of those who live beyond the pale of built-up communities apparently unprotected.

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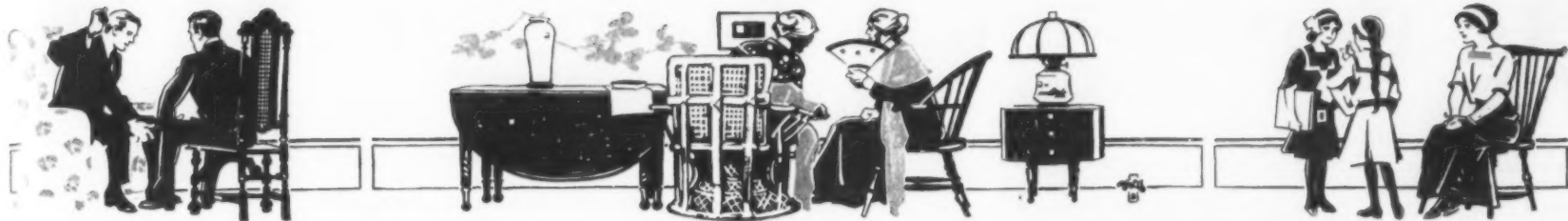


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Ralph Pulitzer  
Pulitzer

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## People Talked About

BY THE lamented death of that noted and powerful journalist, Joseph Pulitzer, his two sons, already making their mark in the newspaper calling, have come into still greater prominence, the additional responsibility devolved upon them having served to bring their capabilities into stronger light. Ralph Pulitzer, the elder of the brothers, has for a number of years been actively identified with the New York World and has been widely recognized as a force in metropolitan journalism. He is talented, cultured and popular. After graduating from Harvard in 1900, he engaged in newspaper work on the World, and during the last five years he had represented his father on his papers, having been vice-president of the Press Publishing Company, publishers of the World, and president of the Pulitzer Publishing Company, publishing the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Lately he was elected president of the Press Publishing Company. In 1905 he married Miss Fredrica V. Webb, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., is connected with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and is demonstrating that he has inherited from his honored father signal capacity for his chosen profession.



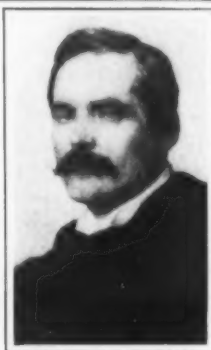
MAURICE MAETERLINCK.  
The famous author, who was awarded the prize for literature.



MME MARIE CURIE.  
Co-discoverer of radium, who received the prize for chemistry.



MUNCHNER PRESS BUREAU  
PROFESSOR S. GULLSTRAND.  
University of Upsala, Sweden, who was given the prize for medicine.



MUNCHNER PRESS BUREAU  
PROF. W. WIEN.  
University of Wurzburg, Germany, who divided the physics prize with Dr. Max Black.

### WINNERS OF THE NOBEL PRIZES FOR 1911.

County Detention Hospital. Among the members of this jury were Harold McCormick, Treasurer of the International Harvester Company; James A. Patten, the former cotton speculator; Fred A. Bullen, the brewer; Eames MacVeagh, son of the Secretary of the Treasury; and Honore Palmer, brother of Mrs. Potter Palmer. The jurors listened to forty-one cases and evinced deep and sympathetic interest in their work. After disposing of these they made a visit to the ward of incurables, where the condition of an unfortunate individual moved some of them to tears. It is hoped that one result of having insane cases heard by millionaires will be a large endowment for better housing of the State's insane wards.

CHOOSING as her motto "Better Late Than Never" Mrs. Mary D. Porter, who had no time for study in her earlier years, has become a good artist in her so-called declining years. She was fifty before she took a painting lesson, but at eighty-four she has been awarded prizes for two water colors at a public exhibition. Mrs. Porter is still one of the busiest of housekeepers. She also cares for a good-sized flock of chickens, and raises all the vegetables used on her table.

IT REMAINED for the Seattle (Wash.) Press Club to give a real newspaper play. Everybody in the show was the real thing, even to the office-boys. Because it was written by a bona-fide news-

THE RAPID growth in the commercial importance of electricity during the last two decades has drawn from the ranks of general journalism to the field of electrical trade publications a number of well-known figures in the world of letters. A notable case in point is that of Charles W. Price, president of an organization which publishes the *Electrical Review* and the *Western Electrician*, at Chicago, and has recently purchased *Electrocraft*, of Detroit. These three electrical journals will, after January 1st next, appear as one weekly publication, with main offices in Chicago and important branch offices in New York and London. Mr. Price is well known in the New York newspaper field, and he held for several years the office of vice-president of the New York Press Club, and was secretary of the Lotos Club. That he has met with marked success in his chosen line is evinced by the fact that his publication is one of the largest and most important of its class in the United States.

The *Electrical Journal* was the first weekly journal of its kind, beginning its life in February, 1882. Its thirty years of life have been marked by steady and consistent growth.



TWO RISING YOUNG JOURNALISTS.  
Ralph Pulitzer and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., sons of the late Joseph Pulitzer, who are successfully conducting great newspapers.

ANOTHER American woman is to grace the social activities of the diplomatic corps in Washington this winter. She is Madame Mary Beale Bakhmetieff, wife of the new Russian ambassador, George Bakhmetieff, who succeeded Baron Rosen. Mrs. Bakhmetieff is the only sister of Mrs. John R. McLean and a sister-in-law of Mrs. Dewey, wife of the admiral of the United States navy. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Bakhmetieff was one of the secretaries at the Russian embassy at Washington, and it was then that he married Miss Mary Beale. Soon after the marriage he was transferred to Europe, and, after holding various high positions, was appointed Russia's ambassador to Japan. Mrs. Bakhmetieff is accomplished and tactful. On state occasions she wears an unusual turquoise necklace and great earrings, which hang nearly to her shoulders, the stones of which she has been years selecting.

THE FEMININE life saver has not gone out of evidence with the recent death of the brave Ida Lewis, of Newport, R. I. Recently the exploits of Miss Florence Martus, a Southern woman, have been mentioned in print as making her worthy of a place beside the Northern heroine. Miss Martus makes her home at the Tybee Light, off Savannah, Ga., her brother being the lighthouse keeper. She is widely known to seafaring people as the "Waving Girl," because she is in the habit of signaling passing vessels. Not long ago she, unassisted, rowed out in a small boat and rescued eight men from a sinking pontoon when a dredge burned in the Savannah River. Later Miss Martus and her brother saved a dozen young persons from death in the river. For her bravery and efficiency on this occasion, Miss Martus subsequently was presented with a gold-lined loving cup.



MME. M. B. BAKHMETIEFF.  
The American wife of the new Russian Ambassador to the United States.



MISS F. MARTUS.  
The Southern woman who has won fame as a life saver.



MISS ISMAY DARRAGH.  
Who took a prominent part in the production of a play by the Seattle Press Club.

paper man, "The Stolen Story," Jesse Lynch Williams's newspaper play, was selected for the Press Club's annual entertainment. The best thing about it was the newspaper players' success in creating a newspaper atmosphere. It was a unique performance. For instance, on the stage—just being themselves in the work they do every day—were such well-known writers as Horace McClure and the inimitable Jack Underwood, of the *Seattle Times*. In the audience, watching them with a critical eye, was their colleague, Ed. H. Thomas, of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. Yes, everything about it was flavored with the newspaper-office setting. The show was the greatest kind of a success, and much of this was due to Miss Ismay Darragh, who played the part of Frances Cunningham.



CHARLES W. PRICE.  
Under whose presidency three electrical journals have been consolidated.



WALTER H. LIPE.  
Who has thrice been elected President of an important commercial organization.

WHEN the president of a large organization so thoroughly obtains the esteem and respect of its members that they suspend their rules in order to elect him for the third time, it may rightly be said that here is a man worth knowing about. Walter H. Lipe, general manager and, with Bartlett Arkell, founder of the Beech Nut Packing Company, of Canajoharie, N. Y., has had the honor referred to conferred upon him and is now the thrice-chosen president of the American Specialty Company, an association composed of those engaged in manufacturing grocery specialties, and including many concerns of national reputation. Mr. Lipe has become recognized as one of the leading manufacturers of pure food products in this country. He is a self-made man of the best type and he deserves great credit for the success he has achieved in the business world. A public-spirited man, he is personally popular and has a host of friends all over the United States.

The Mohawk Valley, widely noted for its scenic beauties, has become the scene of great and prosperous business enterprises, owing to the ability and energy of such men as Mr. Lipe and Mr. Arkell.

ONE OF London's remarkable men is the Rev. Robert Brandon, described as a Baptist minister, tailor, poet and author, who lately celebrated his 95th birthday, and who is the oldest officiating preacher in London. He preaches about once a month at a place in Chelsea, where he has ministered for sixty-four years. He has to be carried to his church in a bath chair, for he has been a cripple since he was two years old, when one of his legs became paralyzed. He practically educated himself, earning tuition money as a tailor. In spite of his physical disability, he has always manifested great activity and energy.



# Is Prohibition a Failure in Maine?

By SAM E. CONNER

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—At the recent election in Maine the prohibition clause in the State constitution was so nearly voted out that the first returns seemed to give a majority of twenty-six for its repeal. Investigation by the Governor and his council gave the victory to the friends of prohibition by several hundred votes. But the matter was not considered settled even then. Governor Plaisted announced that he would call a special session of the Legislature with a view to eventual enactment of a local option law. The Governor pronounced prohibition a farce. In direct opposition to this view is this article by Sam E. Conner, an able and well-known writer, on the staff of the Lewiston (Me.) "Journal." Rarely has there been printed so clear, strong and effective a defense of prohibition in the Pine Tree State. It is noteworthy that Mr. Conner formerly believed in licensing the sale of liquor, but changed his views after studying license in actual operation. He claims that, despite all evasions of the law, prohibition minimizes the evils of liquor drinking.



SAM E. CONNER,  
The Maine journalist  
who defends prohibi-  
tion.

**R**UM SOLD in prohibition Maine! Yes; lots of it. More to-day than at any time since July, 1903. Now, don't exclaim, "Ah! just as I thought! Prohibition is a failure!" And, now, don't say, "Here's a prohibitory crank!" Such is not the case. Simply, I know something about the situation in Maine, have for many years observed its workings, both under absolute lack of enforcement and under the strictest application of the law which the State has ever seen. It would be as absurd for a State of Maine man to go into the State of New York and tell them their license law is a failure as it is for a New Yorker to go to Maine and say to them that prohibition is a failure.

But, says some one, there are men in Maine who agree with your New Yorker that prohibition is a failure. Granted. In New York and in any State in which a license system prevails there are those who say that license is a failure. It all depends upon the point of view.

Prohibition is not a failure, though it comes a long way from achieving the results which Neal Dow expected of it. Inconsistent? Not a bit. How many laws are there which accomplish all that is expected of them? Can one be named? It is doubtful. The United States government has decreed that liquor shall not be manufactured except under certain restrictions, yet illicit stills exist; moonshining is far from stamped out, yet you hear no one complain that the Federal law is a failure. Again, the same Federal government says no one shall engage in the business of retailing intoxicants without paying a special tax. Every day sees prosecutions by the internal revenue branch of the Treasury Department for failures to comply with the provisions of this statute. These prosecutions are by no means confined to Maine. Is this law a failure?

It is almost a daily occurrence for some one to be brought to bar for violations of the pure-food law, yet none of us would be sufficiently silly to declare the law itself a failure. Because houses of prostitution and gambling establishments exist in every State, the people of those States do not claim the laws against such things are failures. And, now, pray, because some one tells you that liquor is sold in Maine contrary to law, why, without knowing the facts, declare it a failure?

It is not stretching the truth to say that more pure, unadulterated rot has been written concerning the prohibitory law of Maine than any other one thing in New England in the past quarter century. This applies to both its supporters and its opponents. They have gone the full limit each way. In that respect it is an even break.

As to whether prohibition has been a failure in Maine depends very largely upon the angle at which it is viewed. To say that prohibition will absolutely stop the sale of liquor is absurd. It would be equally absurd to say that license will absolutely regulate and control the traffic. The real question at issue is: "Which system will to the greatest extent minimize the alcoholic evil?" In Maine the major portion of the people believe that prohibition will. This is evidenced by the result of the recent plebiscite at which the question was submitted to the electors for a decision. The Maine prohibitory law is something more than a statutory enactment of the Legislature. It is a part and parcel of the constitutional law of the State. It was placed in the constitution in 1884 by the vote of the people. This followed a period of thirty years of statutory law.

In discussing the operation of the prohibitory law in Maine, it would be absurd to say it had not been openly, willfully and flagrantly violated. It has. This condition has existed since the first statute was enacted and has continued down to the present. It will continue to exist so long as the law is retained, and then they will continue to do the same with the law which supersedes it. These things are as certain as that the sun which rises in the east will set in the west.

But this nullification has not been all over the State. It has been in sections. These have principally been in the larger cities and manufacturing towns. In the other sections the violations have been fewer and far from flagrant or open. From the start Bangor has had the reputation of being the worst transgressor. Possibly Bangor has deserved it. Certain it is that when times were very dry in Portland, Lewiston, Augusta and other cities, everything has flown free in Bangor. But Lewiston and Port-

land have been about as bad, though theirs has been in a different manner.

And right here a word or two in regard to the open bars in Maine, of which one hears so much. Not many years ago Congressman Charles F. Littlefield, of Maine, made the assertion in the House of Representatives that there wasn't an open bar in Maine. He was laughed at. Men jumped up by scores to contradict him. The wide-openness of Bangor was cited; so, too, was that of Lewiston and Portland. Every little while now a special correspondent of a Boston or New York paper will describe conditions in Maine and tell of the "wide-open bars." Now, then, what constitutes an open bar? It would be impossible to-day to find in any Maine city or town a barroom where the bar could be seen from the street. For the past twenty years this same statement has been true. The fronts of the shops have been devoted to some other business. Usually this has been cigars and tobacco, though occasionally the place has served as a fruit stand. The bar has been and is to-day in a back room, out of sight. These have been expensive bars, too. Their cost has been in the thousands, but their glory has not been permitted to shine for the entire public as an inducement for said public to enter.

You could walk the entire length of Exchange and Broad streets in Bangor, the principal centers of the liquor business, day after day, looking in the windows, and never see a man drinking, though there was no attempt at enforcement. It was all out of sight. This could not be under a license law drafted upon the lines of any now extant. One of the first requisites of a license law is that the bar shall be in plain sight from the street. Which is the better for the public good, the Maine way or license?

"I tell you," said a leading Bangor business man to me, in discussing the question not long ago, "you can't stop the sale of rum, but you can regulate it better under prohibition than any other way. Our law stamps it as disgraceful to drink. We don't drink publicly. Our boys grow up with that sentiment. I'd a good deal rather slip around the corner into a place where the bar is concealed and take my drink than to step into a place where every passer-by can see me do it—there's less chance of my boy seeing me."

On this same line I was talking with a man who in the beginning of the recent campaign for license in Maine was one of the loudest shouters for the abandonment of prohibition. He believed that it would be best to have license and have the drinking done openly. "I take a drink," exclaimed he, "and I don't care who knows it." Not long after that he was speaking of drinking, and he remarked that while he kept liquor in his house he never permitted his boys to see him take a drink. "I thought," said I, "that you didn't care who knew that you drank." "My boys are different," was his reply.

But to return to the nullification of the law. It furnished an opportunity for police officials and the sheriffs to make money by failing to enforce it. Men who had the grafting spirit, if elected to office, did not hesitate to take advantage of this. Other officers refused to enforce the law, because they did not believe in it. Still others did enforce it, because they believed that all laws should be enforced. Not one of these men succeeded in stopping all sale of liquor. What they did was to reduce it to the minimum. They made the rum business unprofitable. This done, men would not engage in the business.

But the sheriffs were not supreme in the enforcement of the law. The court had a say in the matter. Not only did the Supreme Court have a say, but every trial justice's court had a finger in the pie. If the courts would not hold and convict, the sheriffs and police were powerless. This became the situation in the middle eighties, soon after the measure was grafted into the constitution. For the first two or three years more or less of an attempt was made to enforce the law. There was a State constabulary law, but after two years this was repealed, and soon after what was known as the Peters plan was put into operation. It secured its title from the fact that it originated with Judge John A. Peters, then chief justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, and was put in operation in Penobscot County.

Judge Peters was not only one of the greatest justices the Maine court ever knew, but he was a great thinker and a practical man. Incidentally he owned a considerable amount of real estate in the business section of Bangor. The chief justice well understood the unpopularity of the prohibitory law in Bangor and the other cities of the State. He further recognized the fact that you could not absolutely stop the sale of liquor in places of size and with a population such as Bangor, a lumber, shipping and mercantile place, Portland, a great shipping and mercantile center, and Lewiston, a great mill town. With these

things in view, he devised and started going the plan which has been variously referred to since that time as the Peters and Bangor plan. Since then, too, there has been the Pennell plan in Portland; but that was only a modification of the original Peters plan.

This plan was simplicity itself. There was no license fee to it. Any one who saw fit could engage in the liquor business, if he could find a place to set up shop. The only restrictions were those which the local authorities, usually the chief of police, with the consent of the mayor, made. In Bangor these were few. Briefly they were:

No saloon shall open before 5.30 a. m., and all shall close at 10 p. m.  
No saloon shall open on Sundays and holidays or any day when the chief of police so says.

Minors and women shall not be allowed in places where liquors are sold.

No bar shall be in view of the street and no display of liquors shall be made in the show windows.

Substantially that was the whole code. So long as the saloonkeeper lived up to it, there was no trouble. The slightest deviation from the path, however, stirred up a hornet's nest. In those days, when the police went down to a violating establishment, it was a clean-up. They took everything in sight. When the man came up in the police court he got the limit. The word of the police was all that was necessary. The same was true when a case of this kind went to the Supreme Court, which was so rare as to cause excitement. All liquor cases of this character ended in the lower court.

Every year the grand jury of the county indicted all the liquor dealers. They came into court, entered a plea of guilty and were sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs. Wholesale dealers and hotelkeepers were usually indicted twice a year. In the country towns the law was strenuously enforced. The sheriff's department attended to this, and Penobscot County was cleaner than any license county to be found in the country.

That was the entire story of the Peters's plan. Chief Justice Peters retired from the bench, and when he did his plan had spread to a majority of the counties in the State. Though off the bench, he exerted an influence, for he was a man loved and honored by all, whether lawyer or layman. After his death there came a revulsion of feeling. There came a clamor for enforcement. It grew and grew until it became insistent and a change was imperative. Early in 1903 rumors began to circulate that the members of the Supreme Court, at the session of the full bench held the previous December, had decided upon a different method of dealing with the liquor problem. This was but a rumor. No one knew what would be done or what was proposed, until a certain Wednesday afternoon in February of that year.

Associate Justice Spear was presiding at the term of court in Bangor. Bertram L. Smith, of Patten, the county attorney, had indicted all liquor sellers, as usual. This Wednesday was the day assigned for the disposition of liquor cases. The usual gathering of indicted men and their attorneys was in the courtroom. The first case called was that of a prominent wholesale concern. Through his counsel the man said he was guilty. Then it was that Justice Spear gave the liquor interests the greatest jolt they had had in years.

He imposed sentence, but it was not \$115 fine and costs. He made it \$800 and costs. The sentence made them all gasp. In passing sentence, the court announced that if any of these men came before the court again the punishment would be more severe. In the case of the retailers, he put the fine up to \$200 and \$300.

That was the commencement. From that time until January of the present year, it has been a serious problem of how to live with the men in the business. There was the so-called Sturgis law, which gave the Governor a special police force to enforce the law. It didn't accomplish all expected of it, but it did reduce the amount of business done and make getting a drink, even in the cities, a rather difficult problem. During the existence of the law there was not a time when a man who knew how could not get a drink in the city places, but the stranger was in a different boat. He was viewed with suspicion. Even those who knew how had, for the most part, to make their way by circuitous routes to the place where it was being sold. This was usually behind heavily barred doors.

Elaborate systems of espionage were established by the dealers to keep tabs on the movement of the Sturgis deputies and there was always the constant fear of a raid. During the six years which this law existed, the men in the business found their money drawers lean, and the profits, regardless of what they may say, were very, very small.

The present State administration came into power

(Continued on page 695.)

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## Christmas Dolls of 1911.

The Curious Variety of These Toys in This Year's Market.



The Dutch Girl.



The Italian Girl.



The Scotch Boy.



The Russian Girl.



The Chinaman (rag doll).



The Japanese Lady.



The Hawaiian Girl.



The German Flower Girl.



The French Chauffeur.



PHOTOS MRS. C. B. MILLER  
The English Footman.

### Shall We Use the Panama Canal?

AMERICAN genius is pushing the Panama Canal to completion, but American foresight has been altogether lacking, in that no American merchant marine is ready to use the canal. In an address before the Kansas City Commercial Club, Secretary of War Stimson came out squarely in favor of subsidizing our own ships using the canal. By the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the United States covenants

to "insure the neutrality of the canal on terms of entire equality." But, asks Secretary Stimson, "Does equality to all other nations mean inequality to the United States?"

Great Britain herself pays between five and six millions annually to her merchant vessels, and this is the universally accepted method by which all nations build up their trade. Should the United States seek to discriminate against any Power in the use of the Panama Canal, she would be running counter to her treaty obligations. Legally the United States may discriminate against herself in this respect, but she will be supremely foolish if she does. All of her competitors will subsidize their vessels passing through the canal, and for the United States to refuse to help her own merchant marine in the same manner will be, in effect, a direct discrimination against American interests.

The opening of the Panama Canal will be of immense benefit to all the world, but we as a nation will not receive all the advantage from it which is our due unless we encourage through governmental subsidies the creation of our merchant fleets to make use of it. It will be a misfortune if the opening of the canal does not usher in such an era for the upbuilding of an American merchant marine.



### Is Prohibition a Failure in Maine?

(Continued from page 694.)

pledged to submit the question of the retention of the prohibitory law to the people, and also the question of a license law. That the resubmission program would be carried out was unquestioned, as was the fact that if the people voted to abrogate the amendment the administration would take means to enact a license law.

For years and years it has been said that the liquor interests did not want Maine to go for license—that it would mean less money to them. The absurdity of such a contention is apparent. One might as well say, if there was a law against selling cigars and it was being only partially enforced, that more would be consumed here than there are to-day when any one can sell them. One of the first things which the Legislature of 1911 did was to pass a resubmission resolve. The next day I met the representative of a large Boston wholesale house, and to him said,

"Well, M—, I suppose you're feeling blue to think they're going to resubmit and Maine may have a license law."

"H—, no!" he exploded. "Don't you s'pose that's just what we want? There hasn't been any fat in the rum business for six years—not in Maine!"

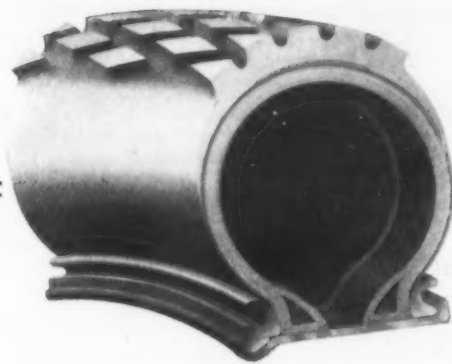
Soon after that resubmission resolve passed, the barrooms began to open in every city and large town in the State. Excepting that you couldn't see the bars, Maine was wide open—more so than for years. That has continued, with occasional periods of dryness in one or two places in the State, to the present time. It has completely refuted the claim that licensed saloons would lessen the amount of liquor sold and consumed in Maine. It has brought out the fact that, with the saloons running under a legalized system, there would be more evils from drink than the State has ever seen.

As said, the prohibitory law is openly violated in Maine; always has been and always will be, no doubt, so long as it is retained. Present conditions are the worst ever known; but that is not the question. The question is, "Is the law a failure?" Judged solely on the proposition of whether it is absolutely enforced, it is a failure, but taken upon the broader ground that under it, even poorly enforced, the evils accruing from the use of liquor are far less than they would be under a license system, it must be accounted a success. This being true, then, an honest, impartial enforcement of the law would prove beyond all question that it is superior to license. In fact, this was proven by the results of the Sturgis law, for those six years showed it was possible to enforce the law.



Knew Where. —Teacher—"Tommy, where is Mexico?"

Tommy—"On page ten of the geography, miss."



## Winter Tires With a Bulldog Grip

Note the double-thick tread—  
Note the deep-cut blocks—  
Note the countless edges and angles.  
Compare it with other non-skids.

### Resistless— Enduring

Here is a real Non-Skid.

An extra tread of very tough rubber, vulcanized onto the regular.

A double-thick tread.

So thick that the blocks can be cut very deep.

So thick, so tough that they don't wear off.

Thick enough to be almost puncture-proof.

See the sharp-cut, deep-cut blocks. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles.

Their grip is resistless.

And the blocks endure.

Note how these blocks widen out at the base, so the strain is rightly distributed.

A moment's comparison will show a dozen advantages over other non-skid devices.

### No-Rim-Cut—10% Oversize

These ideal treads, if wanted, may now be had on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

In the past two years, No-Rim-Cut tires have come to out-sell all others.

They are now the most popular tires in existence—

Over 700,000 sold.

These are the tires which never can be rim-cut.

With other tires—with clincher types—23% of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

This is your chiefest worry and your main expense. No-Rim-Cut tires wipe it out entirely.

And this is the tire which is 10% over the rated size. This type of tire, with hookless base, permits this oversize.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. And this over-tiring, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions cut tire bills in two.

That's why the demand for this type of tire has increased 500% in two years.

You are bound to adopt these No-Rim-Cut tires when you know what others know.

Our new Tire Book is ready—based on 13 years of tire making. It is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

# GOODYEAR

## No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Lambert St., Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(438)

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly"



# The Mysterious Millionaire

(Continued from page 690.)

each other. Maude nodded. "You believe there's something in this funny millionaire business, don't you? You really think it's straight goods?"

"I certainly do," replied her colleague.

Maude nodded again. "Amy doesn't know her own mind," she said, "and doesn't know what's what. I say we look up this millionaire, and if he's right—all right—"

"All millionaires are all right, so long as they're millionaires," interposed Leila.

"Right!" said Maude. "And it's a big thing for her—and for you and for me. It's a go, then. We'll try and nail him for her."

"It's our duty, isn't it?" asked Leila. "Our sacred duty," responded sister Maude.

"Before we go any further, Jiminy," Amy said to her fiancé that evening, in the presence of her sisters, "there's a chapter in my life that must be revealed to you."

"Spicy?" queried Jerrold. "Very," replied Amy. "Draw your chair up to the table, if you please."

He obeyed. "Take a strong grip on yourself," said Amy. And Jerrold did so—or at least he said he did.

Then, with the swiftness of a prestidigitator, she placed before him on the table, in order, the following articles:

1. A slender gold chain, nearly two yards long, studded at intervals of two inches, with genuine green garnets.
2. A dog collar built of eight horizontal rows of perfect pearls, broken perpendicularly at intervals of three inches with rows of two carat diamonds.
3. The solitaire five carat diamond engagement ring with the engraved initials in the circle.

Jerrold stared at them, fascinated. "It's well I took a grip upon myself," he said. "Tell me, prithee, what's the answer. What are they, anyhow?"

"Christmas presents," answered Amy, "from the same person, covering a period of two years." Amy and her sisters, by reason of their vocations, were invariably a bit precise in statements of fact. "The chain reached me two Christmases ago, the dog collar last year and the engagement ring just now."

"Engagement ring!" cried Jerrold, rising. Under Amy's calm and undisturbed gaze, however, he immediately sat down again.

"Who—who gave them all to you?" "It was Maude who flung the bomb. 'An unknown millionaire,' she said, 'who wants to marry Amy.'"

Jerrold glanced at Amy with the utmost unconcern. He read in her face only what was in his. He drank in the glory of her face, her eyes, her hair—he knew that she couldn't tear her eyes from him.

"An unknown millionaire," he repeated gently, smiling. "Why don't you take him, Amy?"

"You know why, Jiminy," was all that Amy said.

"Who is this unknown millionaire?" queried Jerrold, glancing once more perfunctorily at the gifts.

"His name—or his initials, rather," interposed Leila, "are H. C. G. That's all we know about him."

"Except this!" exclaimed Amy, suddenly bringing into view a photograph. "This shows the house he's built for me."

This clearly was a new one on her sisters. They had never seen it before. "Where did you get it?" they demanded. "Why didn't you show us before?"

"Didn't think it of any importance," returned Amy. "It came one afternoon when you were late." Unseen of them, she placed one hand gently, tenderly about Jerrold's neck. "Bully house, Jiminy, isn't it?" she said.

Jerrold blinked his eyes. "Pretty far removed from—from a hovel," he returned, "or from two rooms on a back alley."

He was quite right. The house was one that Amy might have dreamed about. The camera had reproduced it perfectly. It was a cube—a perfect cube—of white marble, plain as a pipe stem, and its severity relieved only by a luxuriant Spanish garden on the roof.

"Reminds me of that house at Deal that you used to go crazy about, Amy," said her sister Leila.

"It is that house, isn't it?" cried Maude.

But it wasn't. Amy knew that Deal house well, and this, as she said, had it beat a mile.

"Now, Jiminy," she announced, "you can read his letters, if you want to."

"Do you want me to?" he asked.

"You've got to!" she insisted.

She gave him the last one first, and the first one next, and then fed them to him regularly in order. There were twenty-one in all. They were all typewritten and all unsigned. They were well composed and all quite to the point. The writer was a millionaire—that was the first proposition; not a paper millionaire, but with A No. 1 securities, of which he gave a list, the whole running up to at least two millions and a half. He was ready to prove his assertions. He was not a business man in the strict sense of the word, but his business led him frequently to Nassau Street buildings. He had seen Amy, had fallen in love with her at first sight, had never fallen in love with anybody else. He wanted her. He would make her a good husband; preferred travel to anything in the world; would try and do what she wanted him to do, and was quite certain that he and she could live like a king and queen, without any of the cares of a king and queen. He had no explanation to offer as to why he approached her in this peculiar way. At the proper time he would declare himself and his identity. He believed she would like him—he hoped in time she would love him. And—this he was quite certain about—he would never give her up.

Jerrold blinked considerably as he read the letters. He shook his head soberly when he had finished them. He thought deeply about it all for a moment, then his eyes fell once more upon the bejeweled gifts. He lifted them one by one from the table and studied them.

"Do you know whether these are really genuine?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Amy. "I don't. I'm only waiting for a chance to send them back—"

"But I do!" exclaimed Maude. "I found out. And they are worth—I'm afraid to tell you, almost—thousands, anyway. Genuine! I should think they are!"

Jerrold went back to the letters. "Except for the mystery of it," he said slowly, "the man seems to be rational enough. He's making a very plain, formal appeal. But why the mystery? Why doesn't he come right out and say who he is—at once?"

Maude tossed her head. "There's a bigger mystery than that," she said insinuatingly. "Why didn't Amy jump at the chance? That's what I'd like to know. It's been two years now, Mr. Jerrold."

Jerrold's troubled eyes sought Amy's. "Two years," he mused. "Yes—why didn't you jump at the chance—why?"

Amy glanced belligerently at her sisters, and then once more very tenderly into the eyes of Jiminy Jerrold. "Because," she said very softly, and yet firmly, for all the world to hear, "because two years ago I was in love with you."

"Why," he gasped, "you—you hardly knew me then!"

"I loved you just the same," she said. Her eyes sought the pattern of the rug upon the floor. "And I thought—that you—even then—" She stopped and glanced at him uncertainly.

"You were quite right," he answered solemnly. "I—was."

Maude looked at Leila. "I think, Miss Longacre," she said, sniggering just a bit, "that we are quite *de trop*."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Jerrold. "Don't you dare to leave me alone with Amy!" He ruffled up his hair. "I want to solve this mystery before I go."

"And I," said Amy, "am going to get Jiminy something good to eat. I think they starve him in his boarding house. Wait until I do your cooking for you, Jiminy!"

"Lord deliver us!" said Maude piously. But she glanced at Leila with a glance that plainly said, "Let us drive in the thin edge of the wedge."

Jerrold re-perused the letters. "He sees her almost every day. Let's see."

"Any millionaires around your part of Nassau Street?" asked Maude.

"About a hundred and fifty right around our corner," returned Jiminy.

"Amy sits near the window, doesn't she?" asked Leila.

"Where fifty men could see her from across the street," assented Jerrold. "If it isn't one of our clients—H. C. G. No, I'm sure it isn't. Why, it must be some dub who comes into some office across the street."

"I think," said Maude decidedly, "that we all ought to set to to find him. We're all interested in Amy," she went on, "all of us, and we all ought to know just what it means and just who he is, and what she's missing."

Leila giggled. "I wouldn't miss it—him, I mean—for a farm, if it was me. Why didn't he see me and write me letters like that? He wouldn't have had to wait two years for me. Amy was a little fool for not—"

Jerrold drew his hand across his forehead. "Where would I have come in, Miss Longacre," he protested, "if she had—"

"Conversation," said Maude, "is intellectual in the degree that the generalities exceed the personalities. We were not thinking of you in the matter at all, Mr. Jerrold. We were indulging only in glittering generalities. Amy was made to shine. Here was her opportunity to shine—if it's real, as we believe it must be—and she passes it up, to use the patois of my sister Leila. We can't see it, that's all. We think her duty was—"

"My duty is," exclaimed Amy, entering with the tray, "to get to Jiminy Jerrold's heart via his tummy, and I'm going to start in now. Jiminy," she cried gayly, "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we may be married, don't you see?"

Two days later, any casual reader scanning the columns of the *Morning Mail*, and particularly the column headed "Personal," might have read these words:

"A B C. Meet me Hungarian Music Room, at the Monolith, 5.30 this P. M. X Y Z."

To go a step further, any one who cared to follow the matter up and who had a curiosity as to whether A. B. C. obeyed this summons and to see what like X. Y. Z. might be, might have noted, had he attended at the Hungarian Room in the Monolith, a very pretty girl sitting at a window, on a very Hungarian window seat, reading a magazine. He might have noted that she was there at five-thirty p. m. sharp, and that from time to time she glanced up and looked, in turn, through the three entrances to the room, as though expecting some one. He might, further—had he had his eyes about him—have noticed that a well-dressed man peered into the room about five-thirty-five, once, only once, while the girl was reading; that he started suddenly toward her, and that he then wheeled and left the Monolith. He might, further, have seen the young woman take out her watch several times, exhibit signs of impatience, and also, finally, he would have seen her rise and step quite boldly to the side of an individual sitting in the room, and boldly, but, truth to tell, quite impersonally address him.

"I beg your pardon," he would have heard this young woman say to this male stranger, "but are you A. B. C. or H. C. G.?"

He would have seen the stranger smile a winning smile, rise, bow deeply and reply, "No, miss; but I am P. J. M., at your service; and won't you have a bite to eat—and drink—with me?"

And if the casual reader were still interested, he would have seen the young woman's face grow very red and then very pale, her figure grow very rigid, her manner very crisp; and then he would have seen her stalk in dignity from the room.

It was this same young woman who entered the presence of her two sisters that evening, quite late, and very much flustered and disappointed.

"Kept at the office on a beastly old invoice!" she exclaimed.

Her sister Amy uttered an exclamation. "Oh, was that all?" said Amy. "I was quite sure you'd eloped."

Leila leaned over toward the newcomer with questioning eyes.

"Did he turn up?" queried the eyes of Leila of the eyes of Maude.

"He did not!" snapped back the eyes of Maude.

Amy smiled. "I got the queerest kind of a telegram just ten minutes ago, Maude, dear," she said. "Possibly you can help me make it out."

Maude took it and read it, wondering: "Attended at the time and place, as per Mail. You were not there. H. C. G."

"He wasn't there," began Maude. "At least, I don't believe he was there at all."

"Where?" queried Amy, puzzled.

Maude tossed her pretty head. "I don't know what I'm saying," she returned. "I've got invoices on the brain to beat the band. Give me something to eat. I turned down an invite to dine"—she shivered slightly at the recollection of it—"and I'm as hungry as a bear."

The next day Leila took a hand. She had made up her mind that Amy would eventually marry the mysterious millionaire if they could be brought together; she had weighed carefully the benefits to her sister Maude and to herself in the event of such a union, and she had advised Maude that it had come to a point where they must spend some money. Accordingly she was spending it—which meant specifically that she was sitting in a very private room in the very private offices of Mulholland & Co., confidential agents and detectives. She was talking to Mr. Bland, who ran the social end of Mulholland's game.

She placed before Bland typewritten copies of the unknown millionaire's typewritten letters and told Bland the story from start to finish.

Bland nodded. "Miss Longacre," he said sweetly, "if you had come to me first, before you had inserted that A. B. C. personal, I could have nailed your man. I could have reckoned up every chap who came within a mile of that there music room that day."

"We can put another in," said Leila eagerly.

"Not so," said Bland. "He'll not bite the second time. He knows the psychological make-up of your sister, I'll bet a hat."

"What do you think?" asked Leila.

"I think," responded Mr. Bland, "that you have diagnosed the case quite right in part. He's a millionaire—"

"New York?" queried Leila.

"Not necessarily," said Bland; "but somewhere in the United States. Leave me the letters—leave me the picture of the house. It's a new one, and we'll be put to it to find it, whatever city it may be in. Leave me, say, fifty dollars. Inside of a week I'll be able to tell you—"

"His name?" queried Leila.

"Inside of a week," repeated Mr. Bland, "I'll be able to tell you how much more cash I need."

Inside of a week, however, he had some information for her. "If you can just pay us fifteen extra for additional expenses, I'll hand you this report," he said.

"Is there anything in the report?" asked Leila, feeling that she was being, in Maude's excellent English, "strung."

"There is," said Mr. Bland.

Leila paid the cash. Mr. Bland did not hand over the report at once. Instead, he stated its contents.

"H. C. G.," he went on deliberately—his deliberation being in the inverse proportion to Leila's excitement—"is Howard C. Grayson, of Cleveland, O.—a millionaire."

"Cleveland!" exclaimed Leila.

"Why, we used to live in Cleveland!"

"Ah!" returned Mr. Bland. "And where did you live?"

Leila named the street and number.

Bland nodded. "When did you leave Cleveland?" he inquired.

Leila drew a long breath. "When my father died—bankrupt," she said soberly, "about five years ago."

"Aha!" said Mr. Bland unctuously. "You were attached to Cleveland, were you?"

"All of us," murmured Leila, distant memories stirring within her; "and particularly my sister Amy."

Mr. Bland tossed the picture of the white marble house across the table. "The new home of Howard C. Grayson," he went on, "is erected upon the site of your old home—the place you used to live."

"And—where is he?" demanded Leila.

(Continued on page 697.)



## The Mysterious Millionaire

(Continued from page 696.)

"Not in Cleveland," returned Bland, "and his agents there refer us to his brokers here—Wyant, Jones & Co., on the Street."

"Why," gasped Leila, "they have offices almost opposite to Cowen, Covington & Black's—my sister's law firm!"

"Exactly," returned Bland; "and undoubtedly it is from those windows that he has seen your sister."

"And," repeated Leila, quite insistently, holding out her hand for the report, "where is Mr. Grayson now?"

Mr. Bland relinquished the report. "Wyant, Jones & Co. decline all information with reference to him," he said. "It would cost you at least fifty dollars more to get upon his trail."

"I—I'll talk it over with my sister," said Leila, as she left with the report, "and let you know at once about the money."

She talked it over with Maude, and Maude held up her hands. "Grayson!" she exclaimed. "Why, you remember Grayson—that old miser that lived in the dingy house on the next block to us!"

Leila started. "By gum!" she cried. "I remember him perfectly and never thought of him while old sleuth was talking to me. But he must be dead by now, or else old as Methuselah. Can it be he? Howard C. Grayson. What did they call him, anyway?"

"Call who?" queried Amy, entering the room.

"Old Grayson, out in Cleveland, don't you know?"

"Daddy Grayson," returned Amy, laughing soberly at the remembrance. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands. "Don't, girls!" she cried. "It takes me back—back home! Oh, don't you ever get homesick?"

Leila played her trump card. She tossed the photograph of the marble palace over to Amy. "Amy," she cried, "if you're homesick, look at that! That's built on the place where our house used to be—it's built for you—"

Amy glanced at it longingly. "Daddy Grayson's name was Hiram," she mused; "and he had a son—pale as a ghost, thin as a ghost—I thought he was a ghost at times. He used to wave from windows. His name was Howard." She was speaking almost in a whisper now. "Cleveland—home!"

Maude nudged her. "You'd know him if you saw him, wouldn't you?" she asked.

Amy shook her head. "He was a ghost to me," she said. "I wouldn't know him among a million ghosts."

Leila laughed, with a sort of triumph in her voice. She felt that she somehow had Amy on the run. "I see it all," she said. "He used to see you often, Amy—and I suppose you waved back sometimes—"

"Maybe I did," conceded Amy reminiscently.

"And he's never forgotten you," went on Leila, "and he's kept track of you all this time, and probably thinks his dollars would win you better than himself—inherited some of his father's eccentricity along with his money. But he wants you, honey—there's no doubt about that—he wants you; and it's home—home calling to you—to all of us. Think—think before you act."

There was a ring at the bell. Maude opened the door, and Jiminy Jerrold came in. He looked at their faces and saw something there that made him ask questions.

"Anything doing?" he inquired.

There was, and Maude told him all about it. He heard, and his face fell as Maude proceeded. "Some chap that's probably loved you all his life, Amy," he said. "At first I thought he was merely wanting you for your good looks; but it's because it's you, Amy." Then, with a glance of significance toward her sisters, he said, "Come in here with me—alone."

She went into the little parlor and he closed the door. "Amy," he said, "I want you to listen to me—listen to every word I say." Only Amy knows what he said to her that night; but with all the eagerness of a martyr, poor Jiminy Jerrold pleaded with her to do the common-sense, the conventional thing—to drop him—throw him overboard. There had never been an argument advanced that he did not advance to have her leave him and take this other man. Her sisters' welfare—they were not

meant to slave; she was not meant to slave. This other way she might even pay her father's debts, clear up his name; and then there were children to be considered. Amy listened intently. Her eyes glowed with admiration as he went on. She had heard old Cowen pleading for the liberty of some poor wretch at Sessions—she had cried at Cowen's eloquence; but Cowen had never done anything like this. Jiminy, with fire in his eyes and with passion in his voice, was a thing never to be forgotten.

When he had finished, Amy only shook her head. She drew near, very near to Jiminy, and her hand crept once more about his neck.

"Jiminy," she said, "I'm afraid of you. I'm afraid you'll do something of your own accord—run away or get yourself run over by a motor car—so that I can't marry you at all. Let me ask you one thing, Jiminy. Have you got any money in your pocket?"

Jiminy had his month's salary, just received that afternoon. "And I've got mine," said Amy. "Jiminy," she whispered, nestling closer, "will you do something for me, please—anything I ask?"

"Yes," said Jerrold. "Don't you know I will?"

"Listen," she went on. "To-morrow's Saturday—Cowen doesn't need us—next day's Sunday, and Monday's New Year's Day. Jiminy, whisper. You must do just as I say."

Fifteen minutes later Amy and Jerrold stepped once more into the presence of her sisters. "Amy," cried Maude impatiently, "I think the only decent thing to do is for us to write Mr. Grayson, care of Wyant, Jones & Co., his brokers here, and ask him to dinner some night soon."

"Good!" exclaimed Amy, her eyes alight with an unwonted sparkle. "You write him in your name. Jiminy and I are going out for a little while, if you don't mind. Pay-day to-day, and we've got to loosen up!"

Arm in arm they tripped down the stairs; arm in arm walked down one block and up another; arm in arm they stopped before the door of a somber-looking house.

"Is Dr. Abercrombie in?" queried Jerrold, his voice a-tremble. Dr. Abercrombie was—and Dr. Abercrombie knew the instant he saw the two what it all meant. He was a tall old gentleman, clad in clerical garments.

"Will you stand right here together, under the light?" he said, as he fumbled with his prayer-book and began the service.

"Washington for mine!" said Amy, as they came forth once more. "It won't cost us much, and it will be—ideal!"

At the Pennsylvania station Jerrold bought the tickets. "No train till twelve o'clock," he said.

Amy was surprised. "I thought they ran oftener than that," she said.

"I think," said Jiminy, "that we can pass the time away." They did. There was something he wanted to tell her—and he told her. How much he had loved her—how much he stood in awe of a love like hers, that clung to him—poor, inefficient as he was—and would reject the life that this other man had offered her.

"Do you know," went on Jiminy, "if I were he, and you had taken me, with all those millions, I never would be satisfied—"

"Not satisfied with me?" said Amy. "Why, Jiminy—"

"I should never know," went on Jiminy solemnly, "whether it was me or the millions—"

"Why, Jiminy," she began reproachfully, "I'd love you if you had a hundred millions—just as much as I love you without one cent!"

"I know that you love me just as I love you," said Jiminy.

"Better!" she cried.

"Have it so," returned Jerrold. "I'm satisfied."

The next day, as they alighted from the train, Amy opened wide her eyes. "Why, Jiminy," she cried in alarm, "this isn't Washington!"

He shook his head. "This is Cleveland," he admitted. "I knew you were homesick, and I thought a sight of the

(Continued on page 701.)

## EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT South America and Panama Canal 20,000 Mile Cruise, leaving New York Jan. 20, 1912

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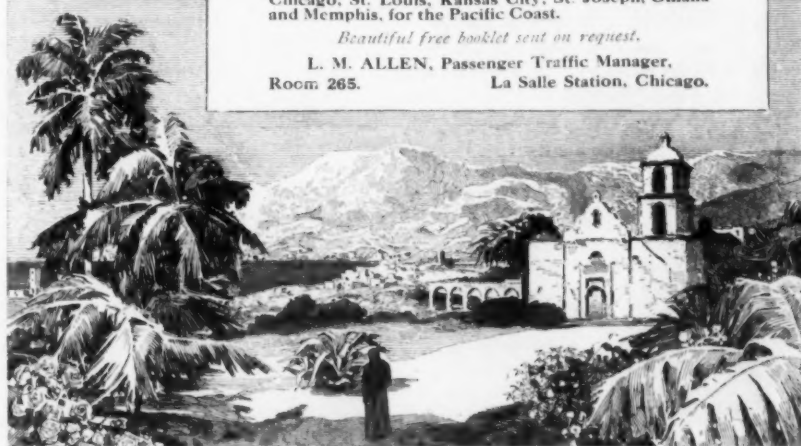


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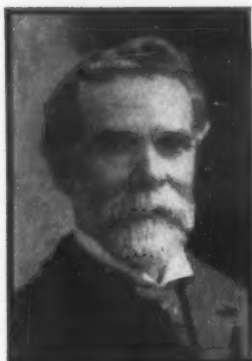
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## HAVE YOU \$1000.?

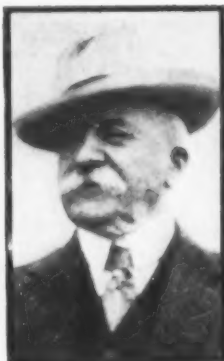
If so why not place it in some good bonds that will pay you 6% per annum? For many years we have made a specialty of bond investments yielding this rate and have satisfied customers all over the country. Some of our bonds are municipals and others high grade gas and electric company bonds, all purchased after a thorough investigation.

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# Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THINGS are happening in Wall Street. No one need be alarmed. I have noticed, under similar conditions, that similar things frequently happen. The stock market has passed through a serious experience. It has had a severe decline and general liquidation, followed by an upward movement, which has not, however, carried prices back to where they were before the break.

During the early part of this year nearly every stock dealt in on Wall Street sold substantially higher than it does now, and some excellent stocks sold from ten to fifteen points higher. On the other hand, from the low quotations recorded last autumn, an advance has occurred on an average of almost ten points.

We may not see the high prices of the early months in the immediate future, for half of the decline has already been recovered; but weak spots have been disclosed and are being patched up and the foundations laid for an upward swing in 1912, if business conditions warrant it.

We will have this upward movement if the attacks on the corporations and the railways subside and if Congress will do its legitimate and regular business, adjourn, clear out and go home as quickly as possible. If we are to have a continuance of the trust-busting, railway-smashing, tariff-tinkering work, we will have to sit by quietly with folded hands and see what will happen next.

The courts have cleared the way for a reorganization of the Third Avenue Railroad, in New York City, and the complexities of the local traction situation are thus diminishing. Missouri Pacific has had its housecleaning and is now where it can be put in order to show what it can do. The Wabash has also gone through a course of sprouts. Just what will happen to it, no one seems able to tell. It is one of the numerous Gould properties and is slipping away from its former control into new hands.

On one side we hear talk of a receivership for Wabash, and on the other talk of a possibility that the Lackawanna may be glad to get it for a Western outlet. A receivership would, of course, mean an assessment and be a heavy handicap to the Wabash stockholders, especially the common; but if the Lackawanna should find it a desirable acquisition and a receivership be avoided, Wabash might have a new record of success.

In the copper field we find a clearing up all around. After all the depression, we are beginning, for the first time, to hear bull reports on copper, talk that the accumulated supply is diminishing and that the demand is exceeding the output.

It is significant that this talk comes

concurrently with a rise in some of the copper stocks. A general suspicion prevails that a pool is industriously endeavoring to create a market for Chino, Ray Con, and Miami. I do not regard these as attractive copper stocks. It is believed that those who have been foremost in listing them on the Stock Exchange are extremely anxious to unload their heavy holdings. They are probably doing this at every opportunity now. They may have ability to manipulate the market for these copper stocks to higher prices, and they may not. Much depends upon the money market and something on the temper of the people.

The situation is, therefore, highly speculative. Conservative holders of Chino, Ray and Miami who have a profit are quietly taking it and letting the manipulators carry the load. They are perfectly willing to get out without loss and will not complain if in doing so they should miss a profit. They can take the proceeds of their sales and put them in well-established industrial and railway securities with much better prospects of getting handsome profits when the market takes a decisive upward turn.

I have noticed, after other periods of panic and semi-panic in Wall Street, that a good deal of housecleaning has had to be done. Strong financial interests are always willing to take up a good property if its prospects are good and if it is on a firm foundation, but they are not willing to take properties like the Missouri Pacific, the Wabash and the Erie without some housecleaning. This has been done. My readers need not, therefore, be disturbed with what is going on in Wall Street. I regard it as a good sign. It strengthens my conviction that if "big business" is left alone, the stock market has a better chance of improving than it has had at any time before during the year.

D. Harrisburg, Pa.: The most reliable publication of the class you refer to is *The Financial Chronicle*, published by Dana Company, New York.

2. The recent disclosures regarding the Julian Hawthorne Mining Stock would indicate that it has little value.

W. Ancon, Canal Zone: 1. I would not sacrifice any stock at this time, at a loss. The market ought to improve, though I do not regard K. C. M. & O. as worth what you paid for it. 2. If the trust-busters and tariff-smashers will leave the Steel Corporation alone, it will be a good speculative purchase. I do not regard it as particularly attractive at present.

Real Estate, New Haven: You can get a 6 percent bond of the denomination of \$100, based on ownership of New York Real Estate. These bonds are also in denominations of \$500, and upward. Interest is paid semi-annually. A description of these bonds with an excellent map of New York City can be had without charge by any of my readers who will write to the American Real Estate Co., Room 587, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York.

B. Washington, D. C.—1. "Cumulative" means that if dividends are not earned and paid when due, they accumulate and must be paid, if earned, later.

2. I regard all propositions which have a mining basis as in the speculative class. 3. No one can confiscate a property. No matter what the Supreme Court might do, the shareholders in any corporation it assailed would still be entitled to the property the shares represent. 4. U. S. L. & H. is now sold every day on the New York curb, so that it has a ready market. The common, which recently sold around 14, has advanced several points. I wish that everyone would ask questions of an educational character, as you have.

Careful, Memphis, Tenn.: It will add to your experience, if you are learning the ways of investors, if you will diversify your purchases. You can buy a bond for \$1,000, or you can buy a bond for \$500, and buy five \$100 bonds of different kinds. If the interest rate is the same on all of them, the income of course will be the same whether you buy bonds of large or small denomination. Most of the bonds have coupons attached which represent the semi-annual interest payments. In some cases checks are sent to meet the interest regularly every six months. Bonds can also be bought on the installment plan. Some successful investors have begun by buying in this way. The plan is outlined in "Booklet No. 18," published by the New York Realty Owners, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York. Any of my readers can have a copy without charge if they will write to that company for it.

(Continued on page 699).

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## Savings must be profitable

if you would secure complete return upon your thrift. Don't let your money lie idle or throw it into glittering enterprises.

Rather write to us for information regarding \$100. and \$500. bonds that are amply secured and which yield all you can reasonably expect with safety of your principal. Write for booklet, "Small Bonds for Investors."

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"Among the inquiries which make no mention of seeing our booklet advertised in any periodical, we can conservatively state that one hundred and fifty of these should be credited to LESLIE'S WEEKLY because of certain phrases used in their letters, which bear striking similarity to those 'Jasper' employed in recommending our booklet.

"To date we have received from our advertisement in LESLIE'S WEEKLY ten times as many inquiries as from any other magazine in which we have advertised for the same length of time.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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# Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be enclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

**W**ILL the assessment life-insurance plan die a natural death? One of the largest and most successful companies of this character in the country recently announced its intention to abandon the assessment system and write its policies hereafter on a reserve basis. It was doing a good business under the old regime, but it feared the stigma attached to it on account of the trouble that many of its sister companies had gotten into through trying to furnish insurance too cheap. The "pay as you go" method is a delusion and a snare. That people are learning this is evidenced by the constant gravitation of investors from the assessment to the old-line companies, whose long life and constant growth is irrefutable proof of their dependability.

R., Norfolk, Va.: The Union Central and the Provident Life are both excellent companies.

B., Jersey City: Your policy in the New England Mutual is entirely safe. The Company has a good record.

G., Robstown, Texas: The American Central was organized in 1899. It reports a fair surplus but expenses of management are liberal.

G., Conneaut, Ohio: Do not buy any of the insurance stocks so freely offered on statements of earnings that are not justified.

S., Lancaster, Pa.: The New England Mutual Life is one of the oldest and soundest companies. Drop the assessment concern.

M., Orange N. J.: The Fidelity and Casualty makes an excellent report of earnings, surplus and increasing business. It stands well.

M., Tampa, Fla.: The company has only been established about three years. The Mutual Benefit of New Jersey is an old and well-established concern with a first class record.

C., Bradock, Pa.: Recent revelations concerning the gross exaggeration of the earnings of life insurance companies justify me in advising you not to buy the stock.

S., Glen Rock, Pa.: The Royal Union of Des Moines was organized as recently as 1907. Its business is increasing but it must meet the competition of much older and stronger concerns.

D., Phoenix, Va.: The Life Insurance Co. of Virginia reported in its last statement a reasonable increase in insurance during the year and a satisfactory surplus.

H., Steelton, Pa.: The Metropolitan has been in existence for many years. It has been very successful and prosperous. It is hardly fair to compare a company of recent origin with it.

W., Roswell, N. M.: The Missouri State Life is not one of the oldest companies, but its last statement indicated that it was prosperous and increasing its business.

E. S., Battle Creek, Mich.: Drop your assessment insurance without hesitation. Take less and be sure of it in one of the well established, sound, old-line companies. 2. The Prudential is entirely satisfactory.

J., Ossian, Iowa: I do not advise you to buy insurance stocks or to mix life insurance with speculation. Altogether erroneous statements are made about the earnings of insurance companies by those who are endeavoring to sell shares of new companies.

W., Gloversville, N. Y.: The Provident Life & Trust of Philadelphia has been established many years and makes an excellent report of its business. The rates are not much lower, if any, than those of other standard companies.

M., Yazoo City, Miss.: 1. The policy you have in mind in the Aetna, of Hartford, is all right. 2. The Postal Life Endowment policy offers a reasonable rate. This company is saving to its policy holders the cost of expensive agencies. Hence its lower terms.

A., Titusville, Pa.: The Interstate Business Men's Accident Assn. of Des Moines has been organized only three years, but has done a rapidly increasing business. The success of all such organizations depends, of course, upon the ability and stability of the management. I see no reason why the plan should not succeed.

D., Port Jefferson, N. Y.: As you say, the statement submitted to you "sounds unreasonable," but the company will probably argue that it is carrying out the terms of its contract and that having had the insurance for so many years, something should be allowed for that benefit. In case of death at any time, it would have had to pay the loss.

B., Cape Vincent, N. Y.: The Postal Life of New York is doing business without the use of agents and thus saves the generous commissions usually paid for such service. This enables it to offer a low cost insurance with generous dividends. State your age and write for sample policy to the Postal Life Insurance Co., New York City.

S., De Soto, Mo.: An unusually attractive low-cost monthly income policy, issued by The Travelers Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., is very popular. I know of nothing of the kind better or cheaper. If you will give your date of birth and write to the Travelers for particulars, and mention the Hermit, they will be sent you promptly.

M., New York: Read the terms of the Metropolitan policy very carefully. It is your form of contract. If it provided that you could not carry additional insurance, and you agreed to that, you must abide by it. Always remember that it is wise to look over a policy very carefully and not to take an agent's guarantee or promise unless it is written in the policy.

S., Quincy, Ill.: All assessment associations must obviously increase their assessments as the death rate increases unless they do sufficient new business to carry them alone. Ultimately, however, the increase will have to be made. The fact that assessment associations are now endeavoring to agree upon a higher basis of rates, shows that they began wrong.

T., Starkville, Colo.: Assessment associations find it difficult to meet death claims promptly as the number of deaths increases unless they can offset the growing losses by a rapidly increasing new membership. In the notable instance of the Mutual Reserve Assn., which went into the hands of receivers after it had become widely known as a successful assessment concern, the rates on the older members became so excessive that they were driven out of the association. Its failure followed.

K., Tacoma, Wash.: The old-line companies fix the premium at the outset. It is never increased but is lessened by dividends the policy earns. An assessment association levies assessments to meet death claims. Obviously with increasing ages, the number of deaths increase, and the assessments are increased accordingly. Years ago, when life insurance was not as carefully supervised by state authorities, numerous failures of old-line companies occurred. Under existing regulations, a failure is seldom heard of while assessment concerns are constantly going into the hands of receivers.

K., Kilkenny, Minn.: I have so often expressed my opinion of the fraternal insurance associations, that it seems needless to reply to your inquiries. If you are seeking the social benefits they give, that is one thing. If you want life insurance, that is another. I would rather have a smaller old line policy and know that it is safe and that it would not entail hardship upon me to carry it in my old age, than to have a large policy in an assessment concern whose rates might eventually prove prohibitory, as they did in the Mutual Reserve and in

other associations before they went into bankruptcy.

M., St. Paul: 1. I know of no association depending upon the assessment system that must not eventually increase the cost of insurance. The principles on which these associations have been established seems wrong. It has worked a great deal of hardship to surviving members in their old age. While assessment insurance is cheaper in the beginning, it is dearer in the end. An old line policy costs more, but its dividends lighten the burden as years go by. I have two policies in old line companies now paid up and each gives me a little income every year. No assessment company could ever do this.

*Hermit*

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 698.)

O., Enterprise, W. Va.: I do not advise Uncle Sam Oil stock as "a safe investment," or even a safe speculation.

P., Providence, R. I.: I think well of St. L. & S. F. First Preferred. The issue is small, the road is in excellent hands and doing well.

M., Waukegan, Ill.: Two mines lying alongside of each other are not necessarily of the same value. One may have plenty of rich ore and the other none.

B., Elizabeth, N. J.: The Wabash is a valuable railway property. The talk of a receivership arises out of its financial needs. I see no reason why holders of the Preferred should be alarmed.

G., Hartford, Conn.: 1. American Sugar Pfd. looks like the best investment on your list. 2. The Five and Ten-Cent Store Business is competitive. The best and most up-to-date management always wins.

G., Dayton, O.: The par value of the Wabash shares is \$100. Neither the Common nor the Preferred pays dividends. They have not been assessed lately. The Preferred offers a fair speculation, but Missouri Pacific is better.

G., Cleveland, O.: I would not advise any one to go into a mining speculation unless he was prepared to run the risks of the business, and it is very risky. No other business has a greater gambling quality than mining.

B., Los Angeles: Leave the oil stock alone. It is risky business. You will note that your letters tell you about the money that other people make, in other things, in the most tempting way, but there is very little substantial information about the oil property in which you are asked to invest.

Trust, Washington, D. C.: Six per cent. bonds in denomination of \$100 of the Manchester, Vt., Light and Power Co., are offered by Harry B. Powell & Co., Woodstock, Vt. The firm would like to correspond with any of my readers who seek a small investment in a public utility security.

Legacy, New Orleans: You can get 6 per cent. bonds of a public utility character, many of which are highly regarded even by careful investors. Municipal bonds, of course, are of a higher character, and usually pay a less rate of interest. A list of 6 per cent. bonds will be sent to any reader who writes to George M. Seward & Co., bankers, Stock Exchange Building, Chicago, for it.

T., Lynn, Mass.: My reference to the U. S. Metal Products Co. stock was to the Common, not to the Preferred. The balance sheet of the company shows that the Preferred dividends are well protected. The fact that the Preferred has first claim on the assets and is redeemable at 110 in case of liquidation is in its favor. The outstanding Preferred is only \$1,500,000. It is a business man's investment.

W., Childress, Texas: 1. A man with \$100 can invest it in good stocks and profit by any advance it may have. Any number of shares from one upward can be purchased. 2. I would not advise you to buy any of the mining stocks or to put your money into oil, magazine, plantation and similar stocks that are offered with preposterous statements of their wonderful returns. Stocks sold on the New York Exchange are of a much higher character.

V. R., New York: Canadian Pacific, Northwest, Great Northern, Pennsylvania, New York Central, and St. Paul Pfd., if bought and held until business conditions improve, ought all to yield a profit. The market is fairly entitled to a reaction after the advance it has had, and on any recession would be a purchase. Unless something unexpected happens to complicate the business situation, I do not look for much lower prices before the new year. But some do.

Lee, St. Louis: I do not advise you to sell your American Lee at a loss. It looks as cheap as any of the industrials. Do not send your proxy for the annual election to the company. Send it in blank to me, properly signed and witnessed and with the number of shares indicated upon it, and I will refer it to the stockholders' committee, which is being organized to find out why this company's affairs are not in better shape and why stockholders are not given a more satisfactory statement of its condition.

Eager, Bridgeport, Conn.: 1. The safest way would be to divide your investment between securities of different kinds. You could put \$500 in a good first mortgage gold bond, a similar amount in a good industrial security and the balance in a first mortgage of a good railroad or in its Preferred stock. 2. S. W. Straus & Co., mortgage and bond bankers, Straus Building, Chicago, recommend their first mortgage 6 per cent. gold bonds secured by Chicago business property. Write to them for their "Descriptive Circular, No. 364." Any of my readers are entitled to it on request.

Income Wanted, Bangor, Me.: There are many others like you who find it difficult to get along on a moderate income in these times of high prices. You can do better than your savings bank rate of interest. Excellent bonds in denominations of \$100 and \$500 as well as \$1,000 can now be had. The number of small investors in these is increasing wonderfully. It will interest you to look over a booklet entitled "Small Bonds for Investors," compiled by Beyer & Co., 52 William Street, New York, for their customers. Any of my readers can have a copy of it by writing Beyer & Co. for it and mentioning Jasper.

H., Indiana, and M., Michigan: I do not advise you to put any more money in the Hampton-Columbian Magazine fiasco. Don't send good money after bad. The fact that millions of dollars was paid for shares of the company which brought only \$10,000 at a receiver's sale tells its own story. The prosecution of the promoters by the government should be vigorous. The magazine field is highly competitive and the list of failures during the last year is much longer than most people believe. If you contribute funds now you will undoubtedly be called upon for later contributions. Better charge your losses up to experience and let it go at that.

M., Saltillo, Mexico: 1. After the market has had a severe decline from prevailing high prices, it is not a good short sale even though it has had a partial recovery. The copper outlook appears to be brightening, though I think that speculators who are interested in unloading such stocks as Chino have something to do with the sudden strength of copper. 2. I see no reason why the market should have any great recession before the new year, except that the demand for money may increase and be felt in the money market. 3. You are always safe in distrusting anything that a doubtful concern offers for sale. 4. N. Y. Central looks more attractive than St. Paul at present, but the latter is a good property and not over-bonded.

Speculator, Newark, N. J.: If you have reason to believe, in view of your experience and knowledge, that the market is entitled to a rise, and are ready to risk something on your judgment, I would advise you to divide your risks among several of the lower-priced dividend payers, such as Ontario & Western, selling around 40 and paying 2 per cent. a year; Kansas City Southern around 65, paying 4 per cent. a year; and Brooklyn Rapid Transit, around 75, and paying 5 per cent. a year. These are not investment securities but are regarded as a good speculation. You can buy any number of shares from one upward. Some brokers will arrange to carry stocks for you if you cannot pay for them in full.

Walton H. Brown & Bros., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, New York, will do this for my readers, and invite correspondence.

NEW YORK, December 14, 1911. JASPER

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



## The Best Train Service on Earth

has helped in a great degree to make that section of the United States covered by New York Central Lines one of the wealthiest, most prosperous and important areas on the face of the globe.

## 20th Century Limited

—the famous Overnight Train between New York or Boston and Chicago, over the equally famous "Water Level Route," is the recognized criterion of train service throughout the world.

Lv. NEW YORK	4.00 p.m.	Every day in	Lv. CHICAGO	2.30 p.m.
Lv. BOSTON	1.30 p.m.	the year.	Ar. BOSTON	11.50 a.m.
Ar. CHICAGO	8.55 a.m.		Ar. NEW YORK	9.25 a.m.

When you contemplate a trip, write our Travel Bureau, and you will be given complete information about fares, schedules, sleeping-car accommodations, changes of cars, if any, and all details concerning any trip, any time, any place. Address New York Central Lines Travel Bureau, Grand Central Terminal, New York, or La Salle Street Station, Chicago.



## BUY RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS

To Seal your Christmas mail and help the fight against tuberculosis in your town

ONE CENT EACH

**D**URING the past year, the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, assisted by 500 State and Local Associations, has conducted a successful, systematized fight against consumption.

¶ The money received from the sale of Red Cross Seals is used by state and local associations for the prevention of tuberculosis.

¶ The sale of the Seals for the past three years has financed educational campaigns, free day-camps, fresh air schools and free clinics.

¶ The sale of the Seals vitally concerns you, because every consumptive educated and aided means better protection for you and your family.

¶ Hear the cry of the poor consumptive, even as He who brought to the world at Christmas time the faith which bears His name, heard every cry of distress that was uttered.

¶ Buy the Red Cross Christmas Seals on sale in your town; put them on the back of all your mail. Join the fight against tuberculosis.

If the Seals are not on sale in your town, write to RED CROSS SEALS HEADQUARTERS, 715 Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.



To see yourself  
as others see you  
**USE THE  
MIRROR SUPPORT**

It gives the desired slant to both mirrors  
and pictures. It is a simple adjustment  
in the back where it cannot be seen.  
Mailed to you on receipt of 15 cents.

CARL E. JOHNSON, Mfr.  
38 BIGELOW ST., QUINCY, MASS.

## AGENTS \$3 a Day

NEW PATENTED LOCKSTITCH  
AWL

Sows Shoes.  
Harness, Suggy Tops, Canvas, Grain  
Bags, Anything. Sells at sight. Astonishing low price to  
agents. Big profits. To show it means a sale. We want a few  
good, live hustlers in each county. Splendid opportunity to  
make big money. No experience needed. Write quick—  
now—for terms. A postal will do. Send no money.  
A. MATHEWS, 6014 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

## AGENTS! BIG PROFITS

The only stopper  
that stops the  
razor di-  
agonally.  
Guaranteed  
for life.

Brand's patented Automatic  
Razor Stopper automatically puts  
a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety.  
Big seller. Every man wants one. Write  
quick for terms, prices and territory.  
E. Brandt Cutlery Co., 84 W. Broadway, N. Y.

## WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying.  
These gems are chemical white  
sapphires—LOOK like Dia-  
monds. Stand acid and fire dia-  
mond tests. So hard they easily  
scratch a file and will cut glass. Bri-  
lliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted  
in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you  
any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges  
prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free  
illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.  
White Valley Gem Co., 719 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

## NULITE GASOLINE TABLE LAMP

A complete Light Plant weighing 7 lbs. Portable,  
absolutely safe. 300 C. P. brilliant light 1-3 cent  
per hour. Saves 90 per cent. of your light bill.

AGENTS. Write for Special Offer on complete  
line of gasoline lights and systems. Over 300 dif-  
ferent styles. Highest Quality. Lowest Prices.  
Exclusive territory for capable town, county and  
traveling salesmen. 72 page illustrated catalog  
free. Write today.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS  
414 S. Clinton St. Chicago, U. S. A.

## ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN to Investigate the Baths at MUDLAVIA For RHEUMATISM

We desire a physician's statement before accepting patients.  
Reservations for accommodations must be made in advance.  
Resourse to foreign spas no longer necessary. Ample evi-  
dence to sustain this contention forwarded on application to  
Manager Mudlavia, Kramer, Ind.

## Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POUL- TRY AND SQUABS

Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes  
world's largest pure-bred poultry farm  
and gives a great mass of useful poultry in-  
formation. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators.  
Mailed to F. F. O. I., Box 74, Des Moines, Ia.

## IF YOU STAMMER

I will send you my 95-page book "Advice  
to Stammerers" Free. It explains how I  
quickly and permanently cured myself.  
Profit by my experience and write for free  
book and advice. BENJ. N. ROGUE,  
1859 North Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ALWAYS  
THE  
SAME  
GOOD  
BOLD

**BLATZ**  
Private Stock  
MILWAUKEE  
THE FINEST  
BEER EVER BREWED

A beverage that  
should have a part  
in the household  
supplies.

Its tonic and food  
properties are a  
valued domestic  
asset.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe  
or Buffet. Insist on Blatz.  
Correspondence invited direct.

# Making Tinsel for Christmas Trees



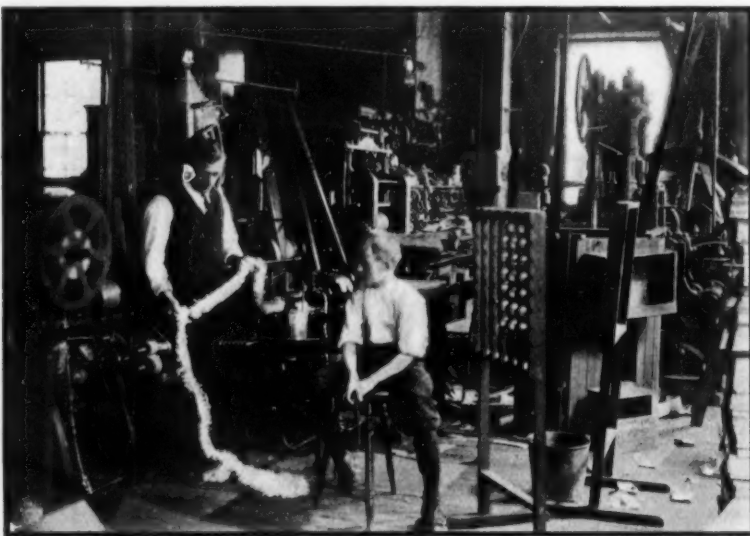
TRIMMING UP PICTURE ORNAMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS TREES.

TINSEL is one of the few Christ-  
mas-tree ornaments manufactured  
in the United States, for Germany  
is the home of the Christmas-tree decoration,  
and even the raw material used in  
the manufacture is imported from that  
country. It consists of spools of wire  
almost as thin as sewing silk, and is  
purchased by the pound, a duty of five  
cents per pound being levied by the  
United States customs. Last year one  
Christmas-tree ornament factory in  
Baltimore imported sixty thousand  
pounds of tinsel wire. This factory  
conducts the largest tinsel-making business  
in the United States and has an  
entire floor of a big building taken up  
by the garland-making machines, which  
turn out thousands of yards of glittering  
tree decoration. The work goes on con-  
tinuously throughout the year, and several  
hundred people are employed.

The greater part of the tinsel making  
is done by machinery and the manufac-  
ture of the delicate fringe is perhaps  
the most interesting of all the work.  
The spools of wire are put on a reel and  
a thread from each spool is trained to  
the crimping machine and the power  
turned on. As the thread of gold, silver  
or whatever the color may be passes  
through the machine, it is crimped—tiny  
dents one after another being made. It

is then started through another instru-  
ment which cuts it into short lengths  
and ties it on a string, forming a fringe.  
This machine, which is absolutely ac-  
curate, may be set for any length from  
two to six inches. A boy attends to the  
work, his task being merely to see that  
the tinsel does not "rough up," and, in  
case it does, to stop the machine and  
straighten it out. The finished fringe,  
in lengths of ten yards, is then sent to  
the tables, where young women cut it  
into different-sized pieces, and, by the  
aid of colored glass balls and embossed  
pictures, together with wire and glue,  
convert it into beautiful Christmas-tree  
decorations.

The big garland machines pucker the  
tinsel on a string and tie it securely.  
These are made in various colors and in  
widths from one-half inch to two and  
one-half inches and in lengths of ten  
yards. Here, again, the operator must  
watch closely to see that the delicate  
wire does not get tangled. The broken  
ends and waste of tinsel are gathered up  
and sold. This is used to make a shower  
over the tree. All the machinery used  
is of American invention and manufac-  
ture, and, while the ornaments are  
shipped as far as the Philippines, the  
greater part of them go to beautify the  
American Christmas tree.



MAKING TINSEL FRINGE.

## Too Much!

INNOVATIONS are not finding it easy  
to justify their adoption. Within  
a year, Tacoma, Wash., under the  
commission form of government, with  
the referendum and recall, has had half  
a dozen elections, at an expense of  
between \$40,000 and \$50,000 to the city.  
The mayor having secured the enact-  
ment of certain freak laws, those most  
affected by them invoked the referen-  
dum, but the people upheld the com-  
mission and the mayor. A few weeks  
later, however, the mayor himself was  
recalled and within a year the three  
commissioners met the same fate. "The

new mayor," says William Jones, a former  
president of the Seattle Chamber of  
Commerce, "is now afraid that at any  
time somebody will get out a recall  
petition against him and it undoubtedly  
is impairing his efficiency." The re-  
call induces a certain degree of carelessness  
in the selection of public officials,  
the people knowing they can retire them  
at any time, and, in addition, it impairs  
the efficiency of public servants, through  
fear that some one will get out a recall  
petition against them. Since the tenure  
of office in this country is brief, if the  
people exercise reasonable care in nom-  
inations and elections, there will be no  
need of the recall.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SERVICE

**Leslie's**  
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

340,000 Circulation Guaranteed

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.** SPLEN-  
did income assured right man to act as our repre-  
sentative after learning our business thoroughly by  
mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we re-  
quire is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness  
to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or trav-  
eling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man  
in your section to get into a big paying business  
without capital and become independent for life.  
Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R.  
Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate  
Company, L. 360, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

**WE START YOU IN A PERMANENT BUSINESS**  
with us and furnish everything. We have new,  
easy selling plans and reasonable leaders in the Mail  
Order line to keep factories busy. No canvassing;  
Small capital; Large profits; Spare time only re-  
quired; Personal assistance. Write today for (copy-  
righted) plans, positive proof and sworn state-  
ments. J. M. Pease Mfg. Co., 500 Pease Building,  
Michigan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO MONEY**  
Join in a Profitable Mail Order Business, one that  
you can operate at home. Large Profits, Quick Re-  
turns: Small Investment. Our 10 years' successful  
manufacturing experience, personal assistance and  
new ideas assures your success. Write for Free  
Booklet. Pease Mfg. Co., Incorporated, 144-148  
Broadway, Dept. B5, Buffalo, N. Y.

### HELP WANTED

**FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS ABOUT**  
over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service.  
More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There  
is a big chance here for you, sure and generous  
pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask  
for booklet A 811. No obligation. Earl Hopkins,  
Washington, D. C.

**YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. BEGIN-**  
ners learn thoroughly under our perfect method;  
many sell their stories before completing the course.  
We help those who want to sell their stories. Write  
for particulars. School of Short-Story Writing, 42  
Page Building, Chicago, Ill.

**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL. DEPART-**  
mental clerk, examinations everywhere soon. Get  
prepared by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner.  
Write now for free booklet. Patterson Civil Service  
School, Box 893, Rochester, N. Y.

**WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS—AVER-**  
age \$1100. Every second week off—full pay. Ex-  
aminations announced everywhere Jan. 15th. Write  
for free sample questions. Candidates prepared  
free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R143 Rochester, N. Y.

**BE AN ILLUSTRATOR. LEARN TO DRAW.**  
We will teach you by mail how to draw for mag-  
azines and newspapers. Send for Catalog. School  
of Illustration, 42 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### PATENTS and PATENT ATTORNEYS

**PATENTS. HOW TO GET EVERY DOLLAR**  
Your Invention is Worth. Send 8 cents stamps for  
new 128 page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.  
R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 91, Washington, D. C.

**IDEAS WANTED. MANUFACTURERS ARE**  
writing for patents procured through me. 3 books  
with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Personal  
services. I get patent or no fee. Advice free. R.  
B. Owen, 14 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES."** A  
72-page treatise sent free upon request; tells what  
to invent and where to sell it. Write today. H. S.  
Hill, 909 McGill Building, Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS BUILD FORTUNES FOR YOU. OUR**  
free booklets tell how; also what to invent. Write  
today. D. Swift & Co., 311 7th Street, Wash-  
ington, D. C.

**PATENTS—INSTRUCTIVE GUIDE BOOK FOR**  
inventors free. Highest references. E. E. Vroom-  
an, Pat. Att'y., 862 F. Washington, D. C.

### INVESTMENTS

**TEXAS INVESTMENTS. BUY FARM. ORCHARD**  
garden lands near Houston, the greatest and most  
prosperous city in the Southwest, where values are  
going up all the time and fortunes made in real  
estate in short while. Easy terms if desired. Single  
crop pays for land and several crops annually. Ad-  
dress E. C. Robertson, 501 Kiam Bldg., Houston,  
Texas.

**OUR FIRST FARM MORTGAGES RETURN 6%**  
and absolute security. Nearly 30 years' experience  
without the loss of a dollar. Send for our new  
pamphlet "Q" and offerings. E. J. Lander & Co.,  
Grand Forks, N. D.

**7% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS SECURED BY**  
California land and homes are ideal buys for those  
wanting absolute safety and high income. Cash or  
installments. Various times and amounts. Repre-  
sentatives wanted. F. H. Putt, 3640 Fifth St., San  
Diego, Calif.

### SONGS and MUSIC

**BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. THOUSANDS OF**  
dollars for anyone who can write successful words or  
music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your  
song poems, with or without music, or write for free  
particulars. Acceptance guaranteed if available.  
Washington only place to secure copyright. H.  
Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 218, Washington, D. C.

### OLD COINS

**OLD COINS — \$7.75 PAID FOR RARE DATE**  
1853 Quarters. \$20 for a \$1-2. Keep all money dated  
before 1884, and send 10c at once for new illustrated  
Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune.  
Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 31, LeRoy, N. Y.

### MOTION PICTURES

**PICTURE PLAY WRITERS WANTED. YOU**  
can write a Motion Picture Play. Great demand.  
Big pay. We'll teach you. Send your address.  
Picture Play Ass'n, San Francisco.  
(Continued on next page.)

DYKE'S AU-  
tomobiles with  
etc. Send for  
ing." A. L.

BUSINESS

SHORTHAND  
readable system  
Study outfit \$5  
days or return

COTTON BO-  
om in the fields of  
or gifts. 25c.  
Co., Box 82, Ma-

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SERVICE



340,000 Circulation Guaranteed

## AUTOMOBILE INSTRUCTION

**DYKE'S AUTO INSTRUCTION—A NEW IDEA** of instructing you at home to run and repair automobiles with working models from (London), charts, etc. Send for free 32-page book "All about Motor-ing." A. L. Dyke, Box 82, Roe Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

## BUSINESS and CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**SHORTHAND IN 7 LESSONS. MOST RAPID** readable system. Most quickly learned. Home Study outfit \$1.10. Send 10c now, and \$1.00 within 5 days or return books. Unigraph Co., Omaha, Nebr.

## NOVELTIES

**COTTON BOLL, OPEN, JUST AS THEY APPEAR** in the fields of the sunny South, are novel souvenirs or gifts. 25c. coin or stamps. Southern Specialty Co., Box 82, Montgomery, Ala.



# ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

good for the whole mouth—cleanses, heals and makes antiseptic the gums. Cleans and whitens the teeth. Neutralizes all mouth acids and prevents decay and discoloration.

Comes in cake form that will not break or spill—twice as convenient—twice as good. Each cake in a compact metal box. 25c at all druggists or sent by mail.

C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO

# FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Order a barrel containing  
10 dozen bottles of

# Evans Ale

It will keep you feeling fit and fine all the time. Yours for 366 happy days in 1912.

Dealers or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



# McClure's DIE STAMPED Stationery

**TRY IT FREE** We want to show it to you, we know it will sell itself when you see it; it is used by thousands all over the world; we want you to use it and offer to send on approval a box of 50 SHEETS and 50 ENVELOPES, ENGRAVED WITH ANY INITIAL OR MONOGRAM, choice of above styles. If you are entirely satisfied after you try it, send us one dollar; if not, return it to us within a week. Just write us saying you will do this and we will send the stationery. We don't ask you to buy without seeing, we don't want you to buy unless satisfied, all we ask is a chance to show you, at our own risk and expense, the greatest stationery bargain ever offered. **WRITE NOW**; cut out the ad, this offer may be withdrawn at any time. **FRED H. MCCLURE CO. (Dept. H) DETROIT, MICH.**

**You Can Dress Well  
On \$1.00 A Week**

**MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES  
MADE-TO-ORDER**

AFTER LATEST NEW YORK DESIGNS  
We will trust any honest man anywhere.  
We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our  
samples and book of latest New York  
fashions free.

**EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO. (Inc.)**  
Dept. "L" America's Largest and Leading  
Merchant Tailors. Est. 1885.  
19 Park Pl., through to Murray St., N. Y. City

**ON CREDIT BY MAIL**

**I WILL MAKE YOU  
PROSPEROUS**

If you are honest and ambitious write me  
today. No matter where you live or what  
your occupation, I will teach you the Real  
Estate business by mail; appoint you Special  
Representative of my Company in your town;  
start you in a profitable business of your own,  
and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without  
capital to become independent for life.  
Valuable Book and full particulars FREE.  
Write today.

**NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.**  
M. H. Marden Building  
Washington, D. C.

**15c Cigar for 6½c**

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**LASTERCO CIGAR CO., Box 530, Tampa, Fla.**

# The Mysterious Millionaire.

(Continued from page 697.)

old town would kind of cure you, somehow."

"Jiminy," she answered, "you're a dear!"

Jiminy nodded. "Besides," he said, "I'll own to a feeling of curiosity myself. I want to see whether that chap really did build that house they talk about."

They took a cab and drove for twenty minutes. Amy caught her breath. "There it is!" she said.

There it was—as large as life—the house of which she might have been the mistress had she but said the word.

"It's just my style of a house!" she said, almost to herself.

Jiminy heard her. He turned sharply to her. "Don't you wish—" he began. She smiled into his eyes. "You happen—to be—just my style—of a man, Jiminy," she said.

Jiminy Jerrold touched the hack driver on the arm. "Who's house is this?" he asked.

The driver flicked the flies from his mare. "Built by Mr. Howard C. Grayson, sir," he answered. "A queer kind of a house—built by a queer kind of a man."

"Do you know him?" queried Jiminy. "I do not, sir," replied the caddy. "I'm a stranger here myself."

"I sent for you, Miss Longacre," said Mr. Bland, the confidential agent, to his client, "to tell you that we've landed this man Grayson, in New York."

Leila shrugged her shoulders. "It matters little now, Mr. Bland," she said. "My sister has run off with another man, so the information is hardly worth paying for, it seems."

"I'll give it to you for what it's worth," said Bland magnanimously, "for you might want to set your cap for him yourself."

"That is quite true," blushed Leila. "Pray go on, Mr. Bland."

Mr. Bland unfolded his report. "Howard C. Grayson, the millionaire," he read, "has been for two years masquerading as a law clerk in the offices of Cowen, Covington & Black, this city."

"What!" cried Leila, in alarm.

Mr. Bland held up his hand. "He is known there solely by the soubriquet of Mr. James J. Jerrold."

Mr. Bland looked up from the flimsy. "One of the moves in the game of love, I s'pose," he ventured to remark.

# The Civil War in China—Fall of Kiukiang.

(Continued from page 691.)

was going on all the time—blank cartridges, as we learned later—but there was no shouting.

We then went down to the gate of the compound and were met by one of our teachers, who told us that there were two soldiers stationed on the city wall directly opposite our gate and, I should imagine, some twenty or thirty feet away from the gate. We opened the gate and went out to interview these men, and they said, "Do not fear. There is no cause for alarm; we are here to protect you."

As we stood there, a company of soldiers went by on the city wall, and in the dim light of our lantern we could see that each of them wore a white band on his left arm, the adopted badge of the reformers. They came silently, and you may be sure we felt like singing the Dohology. The men camped there all night, right opposite our property, as an assurance of protection and of our safety. Had we wanted to go out of the city, that was forbidden. As a matter of fact, it was not five minutes after our talk when we were ordered to go back to our compound and extinguish the lantern. We went back, but needed the lantern for later use, so kept it burning.

The servants were blanched with fear and begged to be allowed to leave their posts. We calmed them as best we could and retired to Mrs. Walley's house, where we had a cup of tea before retiring for good. Our minds were at ease and we each had a good night's sleep, being amply satisfied that there could not possibly be any looting, because of the order that was evident in the whole procedure. This was the end of things, so far as last night was concerned; we had seen and heard all we could and were satisfied that the capture of the city was to be a bloodless affair.

This morning I went to the concessions to reassure our ladies and learn what I could from the outside. At the south gate there was a detachment of soldiers, and they had mounted three guns on the wall. As I went by, no attention was paid to me, except by one man, with whom I joked on keeping his horse across the road and not permitting me to pass. The horse, of course, was unruly; hence the joke. At the west gate perhaps three-quarters of a mile from our compound, there was an enormous crush of people wanting to leave the city. I stopped to talk with one of the soldiers, but he was a stupid specimen; so I continued to worm my way through the crowd until the street was reached, still crowded, but much easier walking. The ladies had known nothing about the fall of the city last night, and what I could tell was really the first news they had had. Dr. Stone, with characteristic bravery, decided at once to take her nurses into the city, reopen the hospital and prepare for Red Cross emergency work.

We then went on the Bund, to see if any news was floating around there, and discovered, to our surprise, that, although there were six Chinese gunboats in yesterday, five had sailed away, and the sixth left soon after we arrived. The only boat now in the river here is a British gunboat, the name of which I do not know. We returned later to escort Dr. Stone and her nurses back to the hospital, and then started on a tour of inspection.

We visited the Tao-Tai's yamen and found that the burning had been confined to two interior rooms and certain very important papers. The building itself was untouched and occupied by soldiers, who had stabled their horses in the great front court. In the street we passed a place where an important official of the new movement had made his residence. In front there were three small guns trained up and down the street.

The most remarkable aspect of our morning's walk was the complete disregard of our presence by the people. Ordinarily a foreigner excites rather more attention than would be paid to a Chinese in full native costume on the streets of one of our inland cities, but to-day we were passed by Chinese as they would walk by blocks of wood or stone. The people seemed absolutely indifferent to our presence. At various places in the city, proclamations of the new government have been posted. I have secured copies of these, which I inclose. The translation of the smaller is as follows:

# THE ARMY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE RESID- ING IN KIUKIANG. THE NEW GENERAL MAKES HIS PROCLAMATION.

Those harboring officials, those harboring spies, those who deal falsely in business matters, those who molest foreigners, those who agitate the market, those committing violence, arson, theft or manslaughter, those who obstruct commerce, those who disobey authorities—all these shall be beheaded.

Those who voluntarily contribute provisions, those who voluntarily contribute munitions of war, those who aid in protecting the Concessions, those who aid in protecting Churches, those who influence volunteers to the Cause, those who exhort the country people, those who act as spies upon the enemy, those who aid commerce—all these will be rewarded.

Hwang Ti, year 4609, ninth moon, third day.

Churches here means only Christian churches. No reference is made to heathen places of worship. Hwang Ti was the first Chinese Emperor. The present movement is a restoration of his dynasty.

The second and longer proclamation is as follows:

# THE ARMY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE STA- TIONED AT HANKOW. GENERAL LI MAKES THIS PROCLAMATION.

In the name of the new army.

I wish to tell my people. You should not view with suspicion the movements of my soldiers. My object is the salvation of my people, and not my personal aggrandizement.

\* I wish to save you from water and from fire, and deliver you from disease. Your suffering in former times has been as great as the depths of the sea. It is because you have been governed by foreigners, who naturally have no interest in you. They are Manchus, not Chinese. Although your grievances are great, revenge seems impossible. My patience is at an end, hence I raise a flag of righteous protest.

First, I will remove your grievances. Spies and robbers will not be tolerated. The Manchus have eaten my flesh, now I propose to swallow their skin.

Those who burn with zeal for righteousness—let them join us. Let us together pursue this enlightened aim. Then the Chinese home will flourish and become established. Let us establish the country of the Chinese People. Our tie is a blood tie, our aims should be one. Scholars, farmers, merchants

(Continued on page 703.)

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a splendidly illustrated booklet, in which little "Miss Crystal Domino" tells the story of her trip through a great refinery, sent on request.

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# Western Governors Welcomed in the East



SEEING SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

Chancellor Day showing eleven governors around the famous institution at Syracuse, N. Y., of which he is the head. The party is seen inspecting the stadium.



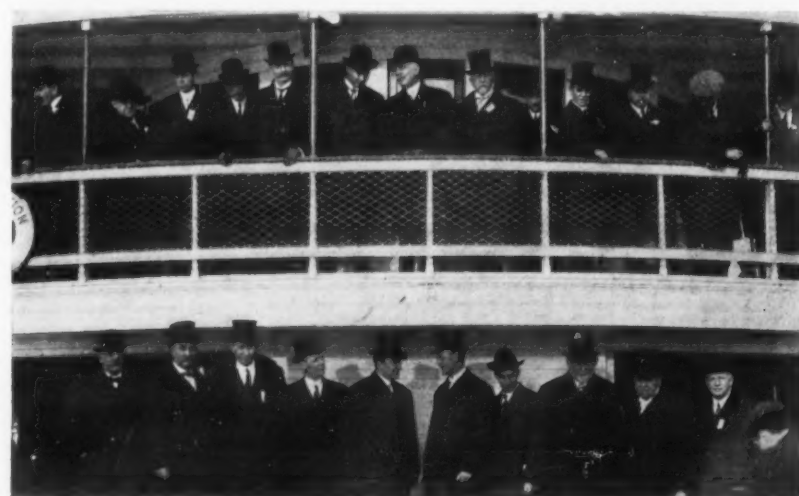
ALBANY GREETES THEM WITH ENTHUSIASM.

Troop B on Broadway at New York's capital escorting the executives from the station to the hotel. A big crowd lined the route.



BALTIMORE GIVES THEM A SAIL.

The distinguished visitors were taken aboard the steamer "Howard" and sailed around the harbor of the Monumental City.



TAKEN FOR A BOAT RIDE AT NEW YORK.

Governors on board the steamer "Correction," which took them all about New York Bay.

The visiting executives from the far West were: Governors Hawley, Idaho; Oddie, Nevada; Norris, Montana; Carey, Wyoming; Burke, North Dakota; West, Oregon; Vessey, South Dakota; Eberhart, Minnesota; Lieut.-Governor Fitzgerald, Colorado; former Governor Brady, Idaho.

## Terrible Mine Disaster in Tennessee



Anxious crowd at the entrance to the Cross Mountain Mine, at Briceville, a little mining town in Tennessee, where about 150 men were entombed by a dust explosion. The picture shows the shaft house, trolley and track for motors that carry coal out of the mine. Rescuers got to work immediately after the explosion. They took out several men alive and many bodies. 125 families in Briceville were affected by the disaster and were in need of charitable aid.



HENR  
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Editor of the  
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A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value, \$2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of \$1.00, state size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Packed in beautiful holiday boxes.

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## The Public Forum.

### MISSION OF THE PULPIT.

Colonel Henry Watterson, Editor Louisville "Courier-Journal."

I WOULD have all ministers of religion as free to discuss the things of this world as the statesman and the journalist, but with this difference, that the objective point with them shall be the regeneration of man through grace of God and not the winning of office or the exploitation of parties and newspapers. Journalism is yet too unripe to more than guess at truth from a single side. The statesman stands mainly for political organization. Until he dies he is suspected. The pulpit remains, therefore, still the moral hope of the universe and the spiritual light of mankind. It must be non-partisan. It must be non-professional. It must be manly and independent. But it must also be worldly-wise—not artificial; sympathetic, broad-minded and many-sided, equally ready to smite wrong in the mighty and kneel by the bedside of the lowly and the poor, the weak and the afflicted.



HENRY WATTERSON, Editor of the Louisville (Ky.) "Courier-Journal."

## HIGH PRICES AND GOOD TIMES.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York.

HIGH prices are not always an evil. You are all trying to get high prices, are you not? Well, you can't get high prices for what you sell, your labor or the products of your labor, unless the man you buy from gets high prices also. Put that in the crown of your hats and bear it in mind. A time of high prices is almost always a good time. It is the time of low prices that is to be feared. High prices are never an evil if they are normal. If no monopoly produces them, they are a good condition, not an evil condition.

## THE ASSAULT ON BUSINESS.

Darwin P. Kingsley, President New York Life Insurance Company.

THE ASSAULT on business really began six years ago, with the assault on life insurance. Politicians then learned that sensationalism was politically profitable. They learned that a path to preferment and fame lay open before the man who fed sensationalism while properly attacking faults. They learned that every established principle of economics, every sound doctrine in legislation could be violated, and the violation counted a distinction, if such action seemed to be a part of an assault on size and success and the evils which usually go with great successes. But that was only the beginning. The politician—whose chief ambition is not construction, but putting the other fellow in a hole—saw his opportunity. General business was—with life insurance—guilty of great success; it was guilty, too, of gross errors, of some indefensible practices. The opportunity was too fine. The average statesman saw preferment and glory and fame in a bitter assault. That general busi-



COPYRIGHT G. LIPPINCOTT  
DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President New York Life Insurance Company.

ness is a delicate, sensitive structure, unable to stand long under the strain of suspicion and uncertainty, meant nothing to him. He knew from what he had already seen that the attack would be popular. It might help his party; it would almost certainly help him. There was, moreover, a rare opportunity in the provisions of a sleeping, archaic law, the meaning of which no one then knew, the full meaning of which no one knows now. The attack was made. It has been kept up. And now we are getting the answer.

## A NARROW ESCAPE FOR BUSINESS.

Chancellor Day, Syracuse University.

TRADE has been restrained from the beginning of the enforcement of the Sherman law. If a Supreme Court sailing between the Scylla of business disaster and the Charybdis of destructive socialism had not steered by "reasonable" buoys, trade would have been ruined in this country by the Sherman law. Had the court enforced that law as it stands, without introducing the "unreasonable" clause, every great corporation wheel would have stopped, stopping every small one with it. The Supreme Court could not, it dare not enforce unqualifiedly that law, out of all date and all harmony with modern business. The only way to save the law and business was by referring the law to the competitors whom it enjoined, for interpretation as to its "unreasonableness." That word "reasonable" introduced by the Supreme Court is a plain condemnation of the law.



DR. JAMES R. DAY, Chancellor of Syracuse University.

## The Civil War in China—Fall of Kiukiang.

(Continued from page 701.)

and artisans—let us unite to expel the Manchu slaves.

All this will be done in an orderly manner. No one will be unjustly wronged.

All you, my kinsmen, hear my word.

Hwang Ti, year 4609, ninth moon, third day.

\* The water and fire, and the disease, and the wrongs suffered by the Chinese at the hands of the Manchus.

\* Eating his flesh is the oppression of his people. Swallowing their skin is beheading them and claiming their possessions as spoils.

A curious thing developed to-day. Dr. Kupfer said to me that he responded last night as quickly as he could to my signal (three shots). "Why," I said, "I fired no signal last night! I thought I was responding to your signal." It seems that neither of us fired, yet the signal came, just as we had decided and just at the right time. The reports were entirely different from any others that I heard, and the firearm that produced them was not fired again. The whole thing is still a great mystery to us. We put our guns away to-day, for they are worse than useless now. To fire them would mean their prompt confiscation by the troops, who desire, above all things, to keep the people quiet.

Reports from other places are conflicting. Nanchang and Hukao are supposed to have fallen last night, but no positive news has been received. There is complete lack of news from Wuhu and Nanking. The older missionaries are saying to-day, "It is a mighty comforting thing to know that they are not after you!" and it surely is comforting to know that one may place entire reliance in the soldiers. Their aim is very definite and fixed. Beyond driving out the Manchus, they have no other purpose.

This morning, after the first panic, the shopkeepers closed down and prepared to flee. The soldiers, acting under orders, went through the streets and forced the doors open, ordering the proprietors to continue business as usual. This has been their policy from the first and has been remarkably effective in quieting the people. So far as we can learn, no one was killed here, except one soldier in the forts, who refused to accompany the others. The Manchus all escaped.



# Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

CHRISTMAS, and then the question, what to give father—what a man really likes? A pound of Velvet is sure to please him. It's the kind of tobacco that makes a man feel good. Velvet is Burley tobacco. Not the ordinary tobacco but the choicest leaves of the plant cultivated, cured and mellowed right. It smokes cool—it smokes smooth and it tastes fine. Nor does it burn the tongue. It's in a special handy tin, with a humidor top—an ornament to any smoking table. He'll be pleased—more than that—enthusiastic. Get a can today—now. It's a ripping good surprise.

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## The Sherman Law a Joke.

Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty.

THERE is to-day no greater joke than the treatment of the trust problem by the government of the United States. Twenty-one years ago the Sherman anti-trust act was enacted. For more than two decades it has been the subject of judicial interpretation. It has often been passed upon by the inferior Federal courts, and several times by the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet to-day no lawyer can advise his client with certainty whether he is within or without the inhibition of that law. The greatest commercial enterprise in our country is the United States Steel Corporation. It employs tens of thousands of men, and its transactions run into millions yearly. For ten years it has been in the public eye, and it is generally understood that its operations have been entirely above-board; yet it is profoundly uncertain whether that great enterprise is legal or illegal. Its stocks, which have been bought by thousands as an investment, sell up and down upon the stock market, according as rumor has it that the Attorney-General of the United States will or will not file a bill for its dissolution. Certainly, a course of treatment which produces this result is not wise or right unless absolutely necessary. The trust problem has been treated as a political question. It is not. It is a social and an economic question, which can only be disposed of after a thorough comprehension of what the problem is.

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## Latest Fashions Worn in Europe's Capitals



MISS VALERIE VON HAGENBACH.  
Daughter of a Berlin millionaire. Hat of gold brown velvet, with strip of embroidery in a darker shade.



MISS BEATRICE HOENIGSBERGER.  
Coat of blue brocade satin with silver flowers, muff of ermine and sealskin, ermine hat with black embroidery.



MME. HELOISE GRANDJEAN.  
Daughter of the well-known writer, Aristide d'Alencon. Simple waist of gold colored chignon over white silk, artists' cap of light brown pressed velvet with band of plain velvet in darker shade.



MLLE. FLEURISSE LAGARDE.  
A young artiste from the Theatre Francaise. Empire dress of dark green satin, yoke of white valenciennes lace, large collar of duchesse lace.



MISS MARIA PAWLOWNA POTOCKI.  
A young Vienna debutante. Black satin coat with collar and cuffs of duchesse lace, plain white chignon dress, hat of black velvet edged with a strip of ermine and trimmed in the back with white feathers.



MLLE. MADELAINE LECHAT.  
Black satin gown with yoke and sleeves of ecru chiffon and short tunic of renaissance work in the same shade.



GRAND DUCHESS OLGA LEUCHTENSTEIN.  
Dress of white embroidered chignon over satin, jacket of lynx with collar and muff of chinchilla.



COUNTESS IRENE VON SEIFRIED.  
A young Polish lady. Large stole and muff of silver fox, hat of ermine, trimmed in the back with a huge bunch of osprey feathers. The hat is finished with a becoming ruffle of narrow lace.

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From Leslie  
December

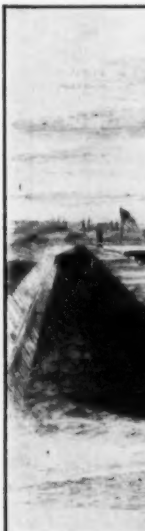
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# War Scenes of Fifty Years Ago

Pictures and News from Leslie's Weekly of December 21, 1861

Copyright, Leslie-Judge Co.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—Leslie's does not pretend the story of the Civil War it is republishing after a lapse of half a century is accurate in the light of to-day. It merely is giving its readers the benefit of its files and retelling the story of the war as it was recorded over fifty years ago, during the progress of the great conflict. Doubtless many errors crept in. Newspapers to-day, with all their superior advantages in news gathering, make mistakes. Our Southern readers must remember that Leslie's during the Civil War was strong in its support of the Union cause, and its reports of the news disclose this. In republishing the story of the war, there is no intention to give offense. This is a united country, and North and South stand together in allegiance to one flag. Those who wore the gray fought for a cause they believed was right and to-day are honored with the wearers of the blue. Leslie's is reprinting the account of the notable battles as it finds them in its wartime files. Our readers should remember this.

## The State of the Nation as It Appeared Fifty Years Ago.

From Leslie's Weekly of  
December 21, 1861.

The Schooner *Albion* of Nassau, formerly the *Lucy Waring* of Baltimore, arrived in this city on the 1st in charge of Master's Mate, Geo. N. Hood, and a prize crew from the U. S. Steamer *Penguin*. The *Albion* was captured by the *Penguin* after a three hours' chase, on the 25th ult., while heading for Edisto Island, near Charleston, S. C., with the intention of running the blockade. She is laden with cargo estimated to be worth \$100,000, consisting of salt, oil, tin, fruit and also ammunition, saddles and cavalry equipment. When brought to by the *Penguin's* guns she reported herself bound for New York, from Nassau with fruit and salt, but upon searching her the additional cargo of contraband of war was found on board. The officers are citizens of Savannah.

The Memphis (Confederate) papers contain an account of a great battle at Morristown, East Tennessee, between the Federal forces under Parson Brownlow, and the Confederates, which was fought on December 1st, in which the Parson's forces were victorious. The Confederate dispatches call it the "first Union victory of the war." Brownlow had 3,000 men. The Confederate force is not ascertained. Morristown, the scene of the action, is in Granger county, East Tennessee, about 30 miles south of Cumberland Gap, and 226 miles east of Nashville. It is on the line of the Great Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, through which nearly all the supplies and troops come from the South to Richmond. If the report should prove true and the gallant Parson is able to maintain himself, this is by far the most important victory the Union has yet gained. Henry Fry and Jacob Henzler, Unionists, were hung at Greenville, Tenn., on the 30th of November for bridge-burning.

A number of reconnaissances have been made from Hilton Head, resulting in the discovery of a number of deserted fortifications. A considerable work, mounting five guns and held by 200 Confederates, on Ladies' Island, about seven miles from Beaufort, was discovered and taken by seventeen of the 79th Highland regiment. The scouting party did not discover it until close upon it; they then fired a volley at it from a piece of woods near. The Confederates fired one shell at the party, and, probably supposing that the attacking force was large, all took to their heels, and were rapidly lost sight of in the distance. Capt. Faulkner advanced and spiked the guns, but did not consider it advisable to hold the position with his small force.

Maj.-Gen. Halleck has issued an important order to his commanding officers in Missouri, directing

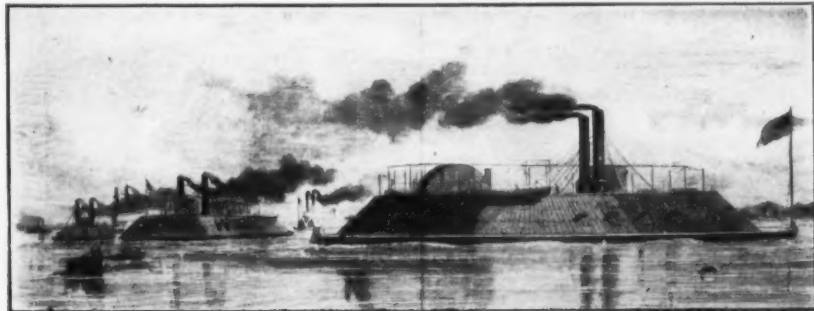


Scene in the principle square of Savannah, Ga., on arrival of the news of the occupation of Tybee Island, mouth of the Savannah River, by the National forces—Indiscriminate flight of inhabitants to the interior.

them to arrest and hold in confinement every one found in arms against the Government, or those who in any way give aid to the Confederates; ordering all persons found within the lines of the army, in disguise as loyal citizens and giving information to the enemy, and all those taken from the ranks of the Confederates in actual service, not to be treated as prisoners of war, but as spies, and to be shot. He further orders that the provost marshals of St. Louis shall take in charge the numbers of Union families who are crowding into that city—having been plundered and driven from their homes by the Confederates—and quarter them upon avowed secessionists, charging the expenses of their board to them, on the ground that, although they have not themselves plundered and driven forth these unfortunate people, they are giving aid and comfort to those who have done so.

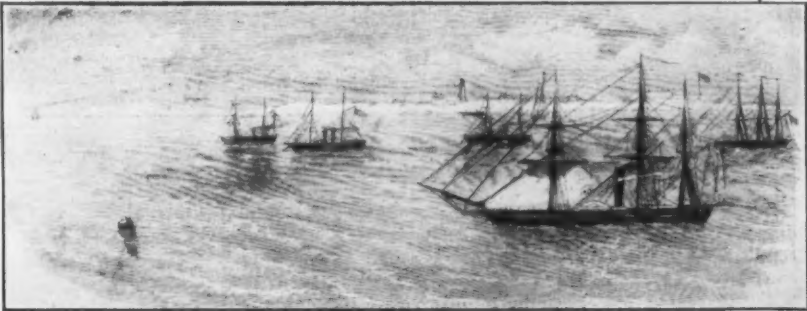
A very important order has been issued by Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the seizure of property of the Confederates, and the disposal of slaves who may come into the Union lines. It provides that there shall be agents appointed in the different places conquered by our arms, who shall secure and prepare for market the cotton, rice and such other products as may be seized, and that the naval and military authorities shall aid in this work. Slaves—or, in the euphemism of the Secretary, "persons held to service for life under State laws"—may be employed by the agent and will be organized for systematized labor in securing and preparing for market their products. Pay rolls will be prepared, and a just compensation allowed to these laborers, the amount to be fixed by the agent and approved by the military commandant and the Secretary of the Treasury. An inventory of all stock and a record of all products taken will be carefully made by the agents and officers. The cotton and other goods will be shipped to this city for market, and the accounts will be settled by the Secretary of the Treasury. The agents must so transact business that as little injury as possible may accrue to loyal citizens, or those who, within reasonable time, may assume the character of loyal citizens.

An important Army Order has just been issued by the Secretary of War, which directs that all officers and enlisted men, of the volunteer service, now prisoners in the hands of the enemy, or reported missing in action, or who may hereafter be taken prisoners or reported missing, shall be transferred to skeleton regiments, to be formed by the Governors of the respective States, and to consist entirely of such officers and men—the many vacancies thus occasioned in the various organized regiments to be filled by the Governors.



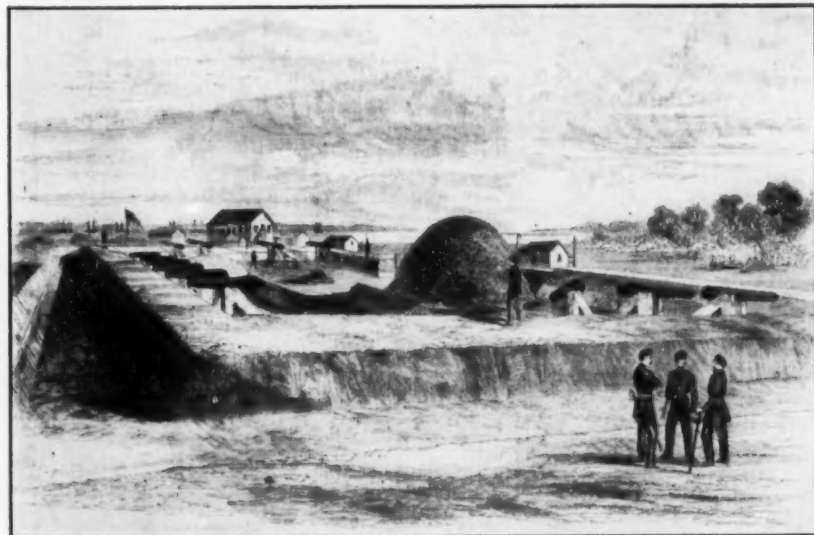
The new gunboat flotilla Commodore Foote built at Carondelet, Mo., for the descent of the Mississippi.

From a sketch by our special artist with General Halleck's command.



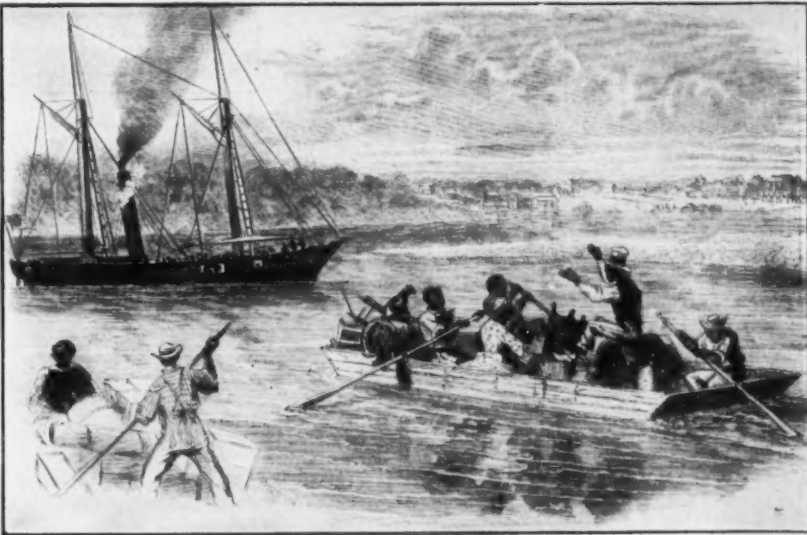
United States war steamer "Mississippi" firing on a Confederate steamer near Ship Island, at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

From a sketch by an officer on board the "Mississippi."



View of the interior of Port Beauregard (now Fort Seward) on Bay Point, opposite Port Walker (now Fort Welles.)

From a sketch by our special artist with General Sherman's command.



Negroes escaping from Beaufort, S. C., with plunder from the abandoned residences, stopped by the United States gunboat "Seneca."

From a sketch by our special artist with the great naval expedition.





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